THE MOST ELEGANT AND WITTY EPIGRAMS OF Sir *Iohn Harrington, Knight.*

DIGESTED INTO FOVRE *BOOKES.*

Fama bonum quo non fœlicius vllum.

LONDON
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*: and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard at the *signe of the Greene Dragon*,
1625.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, GEORGE DVKE OF *Buckingham*, Viſcount *Villeirs*, Baron of *Whaddon*, Iuſtice in Eyre of all his Maieſties Foreſts, Parks, and Chaſes beyond Trent, Maſter of the Horſe to his Maieſtie, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maieſties Bedchamber, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and one *of his Maieſties moſt Honourable Priuie Councell of* ENGLAND *and* SCOTLAND.

Moſt Honoured Lord,

THis *Poſthume* booke is furniſhed with worth, but it wanteth a Patron. A worthier then your ſelfe the Booke could not finde, nor your Lordſhip a more patheticall Poet to Patronize.

tronize. If in Poetry, Heraldry were admitted, he would be found in happineſſe of wit neere allyed to the great *Sydney*: yet but neere; for the *Apix* of the *Cœlum Empyrium* is not more inacceſſable, then is the height of *Sydneys* Poeſy, which by imagination wee may approch, by imitation neuer attaine to. To great men our very ſyllables ſhould bee ſhort, and therefore I make my Concluſion a Petition; That your Lordſhips acceptation may ſhew how much you fauour the noble Name, and nature of the Poet, and Booke: Which deigned by your Lordſhip, I ſhall thinke my paines in collecting, and diſpoſing of theſe Epigrams well placed, and euer reſt

Your Lordſhips moſt bounden
ſeruant, I. B.

THE EPISTLE TO ALL

Readers, that Epigrams muſt be read attentiuely, that *Legere, & non intelligere, eſt negligere.*

VVHen in your hand you had this Pamphlet caught,
Your purpoſe was to poſt it ouer ſpeedy,
But change your minde, and feed not ouer-greedy:
Till in what ſort, to feed you firſt be taught.
Suppoſe both firſt and ſecond courſe be done,
No Gooſe, Porke, Capon, Snites, nor ſuch as theſe,
But looke for fruit, as Nuts, and Parma-cheeſe,
And Comfets, Conſernes, Raiſons of the Sunne.
Then taſte but few at once, feede not too fickle,
So ſhall you finde ſome coole, ſome warme, ſome biting,
Some ſweet in taſte, ſome ſharpe, all ſo delighting
As may your inward taſte, and fancie tickle.
But though I wiſh Readers, with ſtomacks full,
Yet faſt, nor come not, if your wits be dull.
For I had liefe you did ſit downe and whiſtle,
As reading, not to reade. So ends th' Epiſtle.

Sir

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams, the first Booke.

Against MOMVS.

1 *That his Poetry shall be no fictions, but meere truths.*

SCant wrate I sixteene lines, but I had newes,
Momus had found one fault, past all excuse,
That of *Epistle* I the name abuse.
No gentle *Momus*, that is none abuse,
Without I call that *Gospell* that ensues.
But reade to carpe, as still hath beene thine vse:
Fret out thine heart to search, seeke, sift and pry,
Thy heart shall hardly giue my pen the ly.

2 *Against* Sextus, *a scorner of Writers.*

OF Writers, *Sextus* knowne a true despiser,
Affirmes, that on our writings oft he lookes,
And confesseth he growes ne're the wiser.
But *Sextus*, where's the fault? not in our bookes.
No sure, 'tis in your selfe (Ile tell you wherefore)

Bookes giue not wiſedome where was none before,
But where ſome is, there reading makes it more.

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4 *Againſt* Lesbia, *both for her patience and impatience.*

LEsbia, I heard, how ere it came to paſſe,
That when old *Peleus* call'd thy Lord an Aſſe,
You did but ſmile; but when he cal'd him Oxe,
Straight-waies you curſt him with all plagues & pox.
There is ſome ſecret cauſe why you allow
A man to ſcorne his braine, but not his brow.

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4 *Of a poynted Diamond, giuen by the Author to his wife, at the birth of his eldeſt ſonne.*

DEare, I to thee this Diamond commend,
In which, a modell of thy ſelfe I ſend:
How iuſt vnto thy ioynts this circlet ſitteth,
So iuſt thy face and ſhape my fancies fitteth.
The touch will try this Ring of pureſt gold.
My touch tries thee as pure, though ſofter mold.
That metall precious is, the ſtone is true
As true, as then how much more precious you?
The Gem is cleare, and hath nor needs no foyle,
Thy face, nay more, thy fame is free from ſoile.

Youle

Youle deem this deare, becauſe from me you haue it,
I deem your faith more deare, becauſe you gaue it.
This pointed Diamond cuts glaſſe and ſteele,
Your loues like force in my firme heart I feele.
But this, as all things elſe, time waſts with wearing,
Where you, my Iewels multiply with bearing.

5 *Againſt Writers that carpe at other mens bookes.*

THe Readers, and the Hearers like my bookes,
But yet ſome Writers cannot them digeſt.
But what care I? For when I make a feaſt,
I would my Gueſts ſhould praiſe it, not the Cookes.

6 *Of a yong Gallant.*

YOu boaſt, that Noble men ſtill take you vp,
That whē they bowle or ſhoot, or hawke or hunt,
In Coach, or Barge, on horſe thou ſtill art wont,
To runne, ride, row with them, to dine or ſup:
This makes you ſcorne thoſe of the meaner ſort,
And thinke your credit doth ſo farre ſurmount;
Whereas indeed, of you they make no count,
But as they doe of hawkes and dogges, for ſport.
Then vaunt not thus of this your vaine renowne,
Leſt we both take you vp, and take you downe.

7 *Of*

7 *To my Lady* Rogers, *the Authors wines mother, how Doctor* Sherehood *commended her house in Bathe.*

INewly had your little house erected,
In which I thought I had made good conueiance,
To vse each ease, and to shunne all annoyance,
And prayd a friend of iudgement not neglected,
To view the roomes, and let me know the faults.
He hauing view'd the lodging, staires and vaults,
Said all was excellent well, saue here and there.
You thinke he prayse your house. No, I doe sweare,
He hath disgrac'd it cleane, the case is cleere,
For euery roome is either there, or heere.

8 *Of* Lesbia, *a great Lady.*

I*Esbia* doth laugh to heare sellers and buyers
Cald by this name, Substantiall occupyers:
Lesbya, the word was good while good folke vsd it,
You mard it that with *Chawcers* iest abusd it:
But good or bad, how ere the word be made,
Lesbia is loath perhaps to leaue the trade.

9 *Of one that beg'd nothing, and had his suite granted.*

WHen thou dost beg, as none begs more importunate,
And are deny'd, as none speeds more infortunate,
With

With one quaint phraſe thou doſt inforce thy beg-
My mind vnto thy ſuite in this ſort egging. (ging,
Alas, ſir this? Tis nothing, once deny me not.
Well then, for once content, henceforth bely me not.
Your words ſo wiſely plac't, doe ſo inchant me,
Sith you doe nothing aske, I nothing grant yee.

10 *Another of asking nothing.*

SOme thinke thee *Lynus* of a Fryer begotten,
For ſtill you beg where nothing can be gotten;
Yet oft you ſay, for ſo you haue been taught,
Sir, grant me this, tis but a thing of nought.
And when indeed you ſay ſo, I believe it,
As nought, vnto a thing of nought I giue it.
Thus with your begging, you but get a mock,
And yet with begging, little mend your ſtock.
Leaue begging *Lynus* for ſuch poore rewards,
Elſe ſome will begge thee in the Court of Wards.

11 *Of Liberality in giuing nothing.*

IHeare ſome ſay, and ſome believe it too,
That craft is found eu'n in the clouted ſhoo:
Sure I haue found it with the loſſe of pence,
My Tenants haue both craft and eloquence.
For when one hath a ſuite before he aske it,
His Orator pleades for him in a basket.
Well Tenant well, he was your friend that taught you
This learn'd Exordium, *Maſter, here's a cha brought you.*

For

For with one courteſie and two Capons giuing,
Thou ſaueſt ten pounds in buying of thy liuing.
Which makes me ſay, that haue obſeru'd this qua-
In poore men not to giue, is niggerality. (lity,

12 *Of learning nothing at a Lecture, vpon occaſion of Dr. Reynolds at Oxford, afore my Lord of Eſſex, and diuers Ladies and Courtiers, at the Queenes laſt being there, on theſe words.*

Idolum nihil eſt. An Idol is nothing.

WHile I at Oxford ſtay'd, ſome few months ſince,
To ſee, and ſerue our deare & Soueraigne Prince,
Where graciouſly her Grace did ſee and ſhow
The choiceſt fruits that learning could beſtow,
I went one day to heare a learned Lecture
Read (as ſome ſaid) by *Bellarmines* corrector,
And ſundry Courtiers more then preſent were,
That vnderſtood it well, ſaue here and there:
Among the reſt, one whom it leaſt concerned,
Askt me, what I had at the Lecture learned?
I that his ignorance might ſoone beguile,
Did ſay, I learned nothing all the while,
Yet did the Reader teach with much facility,
And I was wont to learne with ſome docility.
What learn'd you, Sir (quoth he) in ſwearing moode?
I nothing learn'd, for nought I vnderſtood,
I thanke my Parents, they, when I was yong,
Barr'd me to learne this Popiſh Romane tong,

And

And yet it seemes to me, if you say true,
I without learning, learn'd the same that you.
Most true, said I, yet few dare call vs Fooles,
That this day learned nothing at the Schooles.

13 *A Paradox of Doomes day.*

SOme Doctors deeme the day of Doome drawes neere:
But I can proue the contrary most cleare,
For at that day our Lord and Sauiour saith,
That he on earth shall scant finde any faith.
But in these daies it cannot be denyde,
All boast of onely faith, and nought beside:
But if you seeke the fruit thereof by workes,
You shall finde many better with the Turkes.

14 *Against a foolish Satyrist called* Lynus.

HElpe, friends, I feele my credit lyes a bleeding,
For *Lynus*, who to me beares hate exceeding,
I heare against me is eu'n now a breeding,
A bitter Satyr all of Gall proceeding:
Now sweet *Apollos* Iudge, to be his speeding.
For what he writes, I take no care nor heeding,
For none of worth will think them worth the reeding.
So my friend *Paulus* censures them who sweares,
That *Lynus* verse suits best with *Mydas* eares.

15 *Of a faire woman, translated out of Casaneus his Catalogus Gloriæ Mundi.*

THese thirty things that *Hellens* fame did raise,
A Dame should haue that seeks for beauties praise:
Three bright, three blacke, three red, 3. short, 3 tall,
Three thick, three thin, three close, 3. wide, 3. smal:
Her skin, and teeth, must be cleare, bright, and neat,
Her browes, eyes, priuy parts, as blacke as Ieat:
Her cheekes, lips, nayles, must haue vermillian hiew,
Her hãds, hayre, height, must haue full length to view.
Her teeth, foot, eares, all short, no length allowes,
Large brests, large hips, large space betweene the (browes,
A narrow mouth, small waste, streight () (
Her fingers, hayre, and lips, but thin and slender:
Thighes, belly, neck, should be full smooth and round,
Nose, head and teats, the least that can be found.
Sith few or none, perfection such attaine,
But few or none are faire, the case is plaine.

16 *Of a House-hold fray friendly ended.*

A Man & wife strone earst who should be master,
and hauing chang'd betweene thẽ household spee-
The mã in wrath broght forth a pair of wasters, (ches,
& swore those 2. should proue who ware the breeches.
She that could breake his head, yet giue him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches,

That

That ſhe (as weakeſt) then might ſtrike the firſt,
And let him ward, and after doe his worſt.
He ſwore that ſhould be ſo, as God ſhould bleſſe (him,
And cloſe he laid him to the ſured locke.
Shee flouriſhing as though ſhe would not miſſe him,
Laid downe her cudgell, and with witty mocke,
She told him for his kindnes, ſhe would kiſſe him.
That now was ſworne to giue her neuer knocke.
You ſware, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould the firſt blow giue.
And I ſweare I'le neuer ſtrike you while I liue.
Ah flattring ſlut, ſaid he, thou dar'ſt not fight.
I am no larke, quoth ſhe, man, doe not dare me,
Let me point time and place, as 'tis my right
By law of challenge, and then neuer ſpare me.
Agreed, ſaid he. Then reſt (quoth ſhe) to night,
To morrow at Cuckolds hauen, I'le prepare me.
Peace, wife, ſaid he, wee'le ceaſe all rage and rancor,
Ere in that Harbor I will ride at Ancor.

17 *Of Bleſſing without a croſſe.*

A Prieſt that earſt was riding on the way,
Not knowing better how to paſſe the day.
Was ſinging with himſelfe Geneua Pſalmes.
A blind man hearing him, ſtraight beg'd an almes.
Man, ſaid the Prieſt, from coyne I cannot part,
But I pray God bleſſe thee, with all my heart.
O, ſaid the man, the poore may liue with loſſe,
Now Prieſts haue learn'd to bleſſe without a croſſe.

18 *Of writing with a Double meaning.*

A Certaine man was to a Iudge complaining,
How one had written with a double meaning.
Foole, ſaid the Iudge, no man deſerueth trouble,
For Double meaning, ſo he deale not Double.

19 *Againſt* Coſmus *a great Briber.*

THis wicked age of ours complains of Bribing,
The want of iuſtice moſt to that aſcribing:
When Iudges, who ſhould heare both with equalitie,
By one ſide brib'd, to that ſhew partialitie.
But *Coſmus* in this caſe doth well prouide;
For euer he takes bribes on euerie ſide:
Wherefore on him complaine can no man rightly,
But that he ſtill may ſentence giue vprightly.
I firſt would chuſe one that all Bribes doth lothe,
I next could vſe him that takes bribes of both.

20 *Of a Preciſe Taylor.*

A Taylor, a man of an vpright dealing,
True, but for lying, honeſt, but for ſtealing,
Did fall one day extreamely ſicke by chance,
And on the ſudden was in wondrous trance.
The Fiends of hell muſtring in fearefull manner,
Of ſundry coloured ſilkes diſplay'd a banner,

Which

Which he had ſtolne, and wiſh't as they did tell,
That one day he might finde it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this appariſion,
Vpon recouery grew a great Preciſion.
He bought a Bible of the new tranſlation,
And in his life he ſhew'd great reformation:
He walked mannerly, and talked meekely:
He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekely;
He vowed to ſhunne all companies vnruly,
And in his ſpeech he vſde no oath, but truely:
And zealouſly to keepe the Sabboths reſt,
His meate for that day, on thee ue was dreſt.
And leaſt the cuſtome that he had to ſteale,
Might cauſe him ſometimes to forget his zeale.
He giues his iournyman a ſpeciall charge,
That if the ſtuffe allow'd fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
Hee then ſhould put the Banner in his minde.
This done, I ſcant can tell the reſt for laughter,
A Captaine of a ſhip came three daies after,
And brought three yards of Veluet, & three quarters
To make Venetians downe below the garters.
He that preciſely knew what was enuffe,
Soone ſlipt away three quarters of the ſtuffe.
His man eſpying it, ſaid in deriſion,
Remember, Maſter, how you ſaw the viſion:
Peace (knaue) quoth he, I did not ſee one ragge
Of ſuch a colour'd ſilke in all the flagge.

21 *Of one* Paulus, *a great man, that expected to be followed.*

PRoud *Paulus* late aduanc't to high degree,
Expects that I should now his follower be.
Glad I would be to followe ones direction,
By whom my honest suites might haue protection.
But I sue *Don Fernando*, he's for land,
Against so great a Peere he dare not stand.
A Bishop sues me for my Tithes, that's worse,
He dares not venture on a Bishops curse.
Sergeant Perplex beares me old grudges,
Yea, but am I *Paulus*, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Chaste* ore my head would beg my Seale,
Who my Lord? — Man, O hold your peace.
Rich widdow *Lesbia* for a slander sues me.
Tush for a woman a cause he must refuse me.
Then farewell frost: *Paulus*, hencefoorth excuse me,
For you that are your selfe thral'd to so many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

22 *Of a terrible Temporall non Residant.*

OLd *Cosmus* hath of late got one lewd qualitie,
To rayle at some that haue the cure of soules,
And his pure spirite their auarice controules,
That in their liuings is such inequalitie,
That they can keepe no good hospitalitie,
And some that would, whose fortune he condoles,

Want

Want meanes: which comes, he layes, in generalitie,
Becauſe of theſe ſame *Torquets*, and Pluralitie
Affirming, as a ſentence full diſcuſt,
One Clergie man haue but one liuing muſt.
But he, beſides his ſundry ciuill offices,
Hath bought in fee, fiue fat Impropriations,
Twelue Patronages rights, or Preſentations,
All which he keeps, yet preaches not, nor propheſies.
Wel *Coſmus* hold thy tong, elſe ſome wil ſcoffe at this,
Thoud'ſt haue vs think a Prieſt ſhould haue but one,
Wee'le thinke, nay ſay, nay ſweare, thou ſhouldſt haue
Il ſutes it thee to blame them for *non-Reſidents*, (none.
That giues thereof ſuch ſoule and ſhamefull Preſi-
(dents.

23 *A Tale of a Roſted Horſe.*

ONe Lord, 2. Knights, 5. Squires, 7. Dames at feaſt,
My kinde friend *Marcus* bade vnto his Feaſt.
Where were both Fiſh and Fleſh, and all Acates,
That men are wont to haue that feaſt great States.
To pay for which, next day he ſold a Nagge,
Of whoſe pace, colour, raine, he vs'd to bragge.
Well. Ile ne're care for red, or fallow Deere,
And if a Horſe thus cookt can make good cheere.

24 *Of Madam* Dondrages *with her faire breſt.*

A Fauourite of *Charles* late King of France,
Diſporting with the King one day by chance,

Madam *Dondrages* came among the reſt,
All bare, as ſtill ſhe vſed, all her breſt.
The King would needs haue notice of his Minion;
Of this free Dame what was his franke opinion?
I ſay, and dare affirme, my Liege, quoth he,
That if the crupper like the petrell be;
A King a Loue I worthy can account,
Vpon ſo braue a trapped beaſt to mount.

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25 *The Author to his wife of a womans Eloquence.*

MY *Mall*, I mark that whē you mean to proue me
To buy a Veluet gowne, or ſome rich border,
Thou calſt me good ſweet heart, thou ſweareſt to loue
Thy locks, thy lips, thy looks, ſpeak all in order, (me,
Thou think'ſt, and right thou think'ſt, that theſe doe
That all theſe ſeuerally thy ſute do further: (moue me
But ſhall I tell thee what moſt thy ſuit aduances?
Thy faire ſmothe words? no, no, thy faire ſmoothe
(hanches.

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26 *Of* Peleus *ill fortune in burying his friends.*

OLd *Peleus* plaines his fortune and ill chance,
That ſtill he brings his friends vnto the graue.
Good *Peleus*, I would thou hadſt led the dance,
And I had pointed thee what friends to haue.

27 *To my Lady* Rogers, *of breaking her bitches legge.*

LAst night you laid it (Madam) in our diſh,
How that a mayd of ours, whom we muſt check,
Had broke your bitches legge, I ſtraight did wiſh
The baggage rather broken had her neck:
You tooke my anſwere well, and all was whiſh.
But take me right, I meant in that I ſaid,
Your baggage bitch, and not my baggage mayd.

28 *Of paying.*

A Captaine late arriu'd from ſiege of *Sluce*,
Hearing ſome friend of mine did him abuſe,
Vow'd he would pay him when he met him next.
My friend with theſe great threats nothing perplext,
Prayd that the promiſe faild not of fulfilling,
For three yeares paſt he lent him forty ſhilling.

29 *The author of his owne fortune.*

TAke fortune as it falles, as one aduiſeth:
Yet *Heywood* bids mee take it as it riſeth:
And while I thinke to doe as both doe teach,
It falles and riſeth quite beſide my reach.

33 *Of the cause of dearth.*

IHeare our Country neighbours oft complaine,
Their fruits are still destroy'd with too much raine:
Some guesse by skill of Starres, and Science vaine,
Some watry Planet in the heauens doth raigne:
No, Sinne doth raigne on earth, the case is plaine;
Which if we would repent, and then refraine,
The skyes would quickly keepe their course againe.
Now that with lewdnesse we be luld asleepe,
The heauens, to see our wickednesse, doe weepe.

31 *To Sir* Hugh Portman, *in supping alone in too much company.*

WHen you bad fortie guestes, to me vnknowne,
I came not, though you twice for me did send,
For which you blame me as a sullen friend.
Sir, pardon me, I lift not suppe alone.

32 *Of* Sextus, *a bad Husband.*

HAd I, good *Sextus*, well considered first,
And better thought on phrases of ciuilitie,
When I said, you of husbands were the worst,
I should haue said, excepting the Nobilitie.
Well, none, to speak more mannerly and true,
The Nobles, and great States-men, all fore-prised,

An

An husband worse then you, I neuer knew.
Then mend, yet thus to mending be aduiſed:
Be no good husband, for as ſome haue thought,
Husbands that wil be good, make huſwifes nought.

33 *Of writing with double pointing.*

It is ſaid, that King Edward *of Carnarum lying at Berkly Caſtle priſoner, a Cardinall wrote to his Keeper,* Edwardum occidere nolli, timere bonum eſt, *which being read with the point at* timere, *it coſt the King his life. Heere enſues as doubtfull a point, but I truſt, not ſo dangerous.*

DAmes are indued with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that they offend?
Daily they ſerue the Lord with good intent:
Seld they diſpleaſe their husbands: to their end
Alwaies to pleaſe them well they doe intend:
Neuer in them one ſhall finde ſhrewdnes much.
Such are their humours, and their grace is ſuch.

34 *To my Lady* Rogers.

GOod Madame, in this verſe obſerue one point,
That it ſeemes the Writer did appoint
With ſmoothest oyle of praiſe your eares to noynt;
Yet one his purpoſe ſoone may diſappoint.
For in this verſe diſparting but a point,
Will put this verſe ſo clearely out of ioynt,
That all this praiſe will ſcant be worth a point.

35 *To her Daughter vpon the same point, reading the same verse with another point.*

DAmes are indue with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that? they offend
Daily: they serue the Lord with good intent
Seld: they displease their husbands to their end
Alwaies: to please them well they doe intend
Neuer: in them one shall find shrewdnesse much.
Such are their humours, and their graces such.

36

MY *Mall*, the former verses this may teach you,
That som deceiue, some are deceiu'd by showes,
For this verse in your praise, so smooth that goes,
With one false point and stop, did ouer-reach you,
And turne the praise to scorne, the rimes to prose,
By which you may be slandered all as Shrowes:
And some, perhaps, may say, and speak no treason,
The verses had more rime, the prose more reason.

37 *Comparison of the Sonnet, and the Epigram.*

ONce, by mishap, two Poets fell a-squaring,
The Sonnet, and our Epigram comparing;
And *Faustus* hauing long demur'd vpon it,
Yet, at the last, gaue sentence for the Sonnet.

Now,

Now, for ſuch cenſure, this his chiefe defence is,
Their ſugred taſte beſt likes his likreſſe ſenſes.
Well, though I grant Sugar may pleaſe the taſte,
Yet let my verſe haue ſalt to make it laſt.

38 *Of an accident of ſaying grace at the Lady* Rogers, *who vſed to dine exceeding late. Written to his wife.*

MY *Mall*, in your ſhort abſence from this place,
My ſelfe here dining at your mothers bord,
Your little ſonne did thus beginne his grace;
The eyes of all things looke on thee, ô Lord,
And thou their food doeſt giue them in due ſeaſon.
Peace boy, quoth I, not more of this a word;
For in this place, this Grace hath little reaſon:
When as we ſpeake to God, we muſt ſpeake true.
And though the meat be good in taſte and ſeaſon,
This ſeaſon for a dinner is not due:
Then peace, I ſay, to lie to God is treaſon.
Say on, my boy, ſaith ſhe, your father mocks.
Clownes, and not Courtiers, vſe to goe by clocks.
Courtiers by clocks, ſaid I, and Clownes by cocks.
Now, if your mother chide with me for this,
Then you muſt reconcile vs with a kiſſe.

39 *Of Don* Pedro *and his Poetry.*

SIr, I ſhall tell you newes, except you know it,
Our noble friend *Don Pedro*, is a Poet.

His

His verſes all abroad are read and ſhowne,
And he himſelfe doth ſweare they are his owne.
His owne? 'tis true, for he for them hath paid
Two crownes a Sonnet, as I heard it ſaid.
So *Ellen* hath faire teeth, that in her purſe
Shee keepes all night, and yet ſleepes ne're the worſe.
So widdow *Lesbia*, with her painted hide,
Seem'd, for the time, to make a handſome bride.
If *Pedro* be for this a Poet cal'd;
So you may call one hairie that is bald.

40 *A comfort for poore Poets.*

POets, hereafter, for penſions need not care,
Who call you beggars, you may call them lyers,
Verſes are growne ſuch merchantable ware,
That now for Sonners, ſellers are, and buyers.

41 *Againſt a fooliſh Satyriſt.*

IRead that Satyre thou intitleſt firſt,
And layd aſide the reſt, and ouer-paſt,
And ſware, I thought, that th'author was accurſt;
That that firſt Satyre had not beene his laſt.

42 *An Epitaph in commendation of* George Turberuill, *a learned Gentleman.*

VVHen times were yet but rude, thy pen endeuored
To poliſh Barbariſme with purer ſtile:
When

When times were grown moſt old, thy heart perſeue-
Sincere & iuſt, vnſtain'd with gifts or guile. (red
Now liues thy ſoule, though frō thy corps diſſeuered,
There high in bliſſe, here cleare in fame the while;
To which I pay this debt of due thankef-giuing,
My pen doth praiſe thee dead, thine grac'd me liuing

43 *To the Queenes Maieſtie, when ſhe found fault with ſome particular matters in* Miſacmos Metamorphoſis.

DRead Soueraign, take this true, though poore ex-
Of all the errors of *Miſacmos* Muſe, (cuſe,
A hound that of a whelpe my ſelfe hath bred,
And at my hand and table taught and fed;
When other curres did fawne and flatter coldly,
Did ſpring and leape, and play with me too boldly:
For which, although my Pages check and rate him.
Yet ſtill my ſelf doth much more loue thē hate him.

44 *To the Ladies of the Queenes Priuy chamber, at the making of their perfumed priuy at* Richmond.

The Booke hanged in chaines ſaith thus:

FAire Dames, if any tooke in ſcorne, and ſpite
Me, that *Micaſmos* Muſe in mirth did write,
To ſatisfie thē ſinne, loe, heere in chaines,
For aye to hang, my Maſter he ordaines.
Yet deeme the deed to him no derogation,

But

But doome to this deuice new commendation,
Sith here you see, feele, smell that his conueyance
Hath freed this noysome place from all annoyance.
Now iudge you, that the work, mock, enuie taunt,
Whose seruice in this place may make most vaunt:
If vs, or you, to praise it, were most meet,
You, that made sowre, or vs, that make it sweet?

45 *To Master* Cooke, *the Queens Attorney, that was incited to call* Misacmos *into the Starre-chamber, but refused it: saying, he that could giue another a Venne, had a sure ward for himselfe.*

THose that of dainty fare make deere prouision,
If some bad Cookes marre it with dressing euill,
Are wont to say in iest, but iust derision,
The meat from God, the Cookes came frō the diuell.
But, if this dish, though draffe in apparision,
Were made thus sawst, a seruice not vnciuill,
Say ye that taste, and not digest the Booke,
The Deele go with the meat, God with the Cook.

46 *Against* Lynus, *a Writer, that found fault with the* Metamorphosis.

LYnus, to giue to me a spightfull frumpe,
Said that my writings sauourd of the Pumpe,
And that my Muse, for want of matter, takes
An Argument to write of from the lakes.
Well, *Lynus*, speake each Reader as he thinke,
Though thou of Scepters wrat'st, and I of sinke;

Yet

Yet ſome will ſay, comparing both together,
My wit brings matter thence, thine matter thither.

47 *Of Garlick, to my Lady* Rogers.

IF Leekes you like, and doe the ſmell diſleeke,
Eate Onions, and you ſhall not ſmell the Leeke:
If you of Onions would the ſent expell,
Eate Garlick, that will drowne th'Onyons ſmell.
But ſure, gainſt Garlicks ſauour, at one word,
I know but one receit, what's that? (goe looke.)

48 *A diſh of dainties for the deuill.*

A Godly Father, ſitting on a draught,
To doe as need, & nature hath vs taught,
Mumbled, as was his manner, certaine prayers:
And vnto him, the Diuell ſtraight repaires,
And boldly to reuile him he begins,
Alleaging that ſuch prayers are deadly ſinnes;
And that it prou'd he was deuoyd of grace,
To ſpeake to God in ſo vnfit a place.
The reuerend man, though at the firſt diſmayd,
Yet ſtrong in faith, thus to the Diuell ſaid;
Thou damned Spirit, wicked, falſe, and lying.
Deſpayring thine owne good, and ours enuying:
Each take his due, and me thou canſt not hurt,
To God my prayer I meant, to thee the durt.
Pure prayer aſcends to him that high doth ſit.
Downe fals the filth, for fiends of hell more fit.

49 *Of* Don Pedro *his ſweet breath.*

HOw iſt, *Don Pedros* breath is ſtill perfum'd,
And that he neuer like himſelfe doth ſmell?
I like it not, for ſtill it is preſum'd;
Who ſmelleth euer well, ſmells neuer well.

50. Miſacmos *againſt his Booke.*

THe Writer and the matter well might meet,
Were he as eloquent, as it is ſweet.

51 *Of* Cloacina *and* Sterquitius.

THe Romanes, euer counted ſuperſtitious.
Adored with high titles of Diuinitie,
Dame *Cloacina*, and the Lord *Sterquitius*,
Two perſons in their State of great affinitie.
But we, that ſcorne opinions ſo pernitious,
Are taught by Truth well try'd, t'adore the Trinitie.
And, who-ſo care of true Religion takes,
Will thinke ſuch Saints well ſhrined in AIAX.

52 *To the Queene when ſhe was pacified, and had ſent* Miſacmos *thankes for the intention.*

A Poet once of *Traian* beg'd a Leaſe,
(*Traian*, terror of Warre, Mirror of Peace)
And

And doubting how his writings were accepted,
'Gainſt which he heard ſome Courtiers had excepted;
He came to him, and with all due ſubmiſſion,
Deliuered this ſhort Verſe, with his Petition:
Deare Soueraigne, if you like not of my Writings,
Grant this ſweet cordiall to a ſpirit daunted.
But if you reade, and like my poore enditings,
Then for reward let this ſmall ſute be granted.
Of which ſhort Verſe, I finde ioſu'd ſuch fruit,
The Poet of the Prince obtain'd his ſute.

53 *A Poets priuiledge.*

PAinters and Poets claime by old enrolement,
A Charter, to dare all without controulement.

54 *To* Fauſtus.

F*Auſtus* findes fault, my Epigrams are ſhort,
Becauſe to reade them, he doth make ſome ſport:
I thanke thee *Fauſtus*, though thou iudgeſt wrong,
Ere long I'le make thee ſweare they be too long.

55 *Againſt* Fauſtus.

WHat is the cauſe, *Fauſtus*, that in diſlike
Proud *Paulus* ſtill doth touch thee with a Pike?
It breedeth in my minde a great confuſion,
To thinke what he ſhould meane by ſuch eluſion.

Throw'ſt

Trow'ſt thou he meanes, that thou mightſt make a
That cânot be, for that thouart no like man. (Pike mâ?
Thy crazed bones cannot endure the ſhocke,
Beſides, his manner is to ſpeake in mocke.
Or iſt, becauſe the Pike's a greedy Fiſh,
Deuoures, as thou doſt, many a dainty Diſh?
And in another ſort, and more vnkinde,
Will bite, and ſpoile thoſe of thy proper kinde?
Or doth he meane thou art a quarrell-piker,
That amongſt men, wert neuer thought a ſtriker?
In this he ſaies, thou art a Chriſtian brother,
That ſtricken on one eare, thou turneſt the other.
Or doth he meane that thou would'ſt picke a thanke?
No ſure, for of that fault I count thee franke.
How can thy tale to any man be grateſull,
Whoſe perſon, manners, face, and all's ſo hateſull?
Then, *Fauſtus*, I ſuſpect yet one thing worſe.
Thou haſt pickt ſomwhat elſe. What's that? a purſe?

---

56 Of Miſ-conceiuing.

LAdies, you blame my verſes of ſcurrilitie,
While with the double ſenſe you were deceiu'd.
Now you confeſſe them free from inciuilitie.
Take heed hence-forth you be not miſconceiu'd.

---

57 How the Bathe is like Purgatory?

WHether it be a Fable, or a Story,
That *Beda* and others write of Purgatory:
I know

I know no place that more reſemblance hath
With that ſame Purgatory, then the Bathe.
Men there with paines, doe purge their paſſed ſinne,
Many with paines, purge here their parched skins:
Frying and freezing are the paines there told,
Here the chiefe paine, conſiſts in heate and cold.
Confuſed cryes, vapour and ſmoke and ſtinke,
Are certaine here: that there they are, ſome thinke:
There fire burnes Lords and Lowts, without reſpect.
Our water for his forme workes like effect:
Thence none can be deliuered without praying,
Hence no man is deliuered without paying.
But once eſcaped thence, hath ſure ſaluation,
But thoſe goe hence, ſtill feare reciditation.

58 *Of going to Bathe.*

A Common phraſe long vſed here hath beene,
And by preſcription now ſome credit hath:
That diuers Ladies comming to the Bathe,
Come chiefly but to ſee, and to be ſeene.
But if I ſhould declare my conſcience briefely,
I cannot thinke that is their Arrant chiefely;
For as I heare that moſt of them haue dealt,
They chiefely came to feele, and to be felt.

59 *Of Plaine dealing.*

MY writings oft displease you: what's the matter?
You loue not to heare truth, nor I to flatter.

60 *Against* Paulus.

BEcause in these so malecontented times,
I please my selfe with priuate recreation;
In reading or in sweetest contemplation,
Or writing sometimes prose, oft pleasant rimes:
Paulus, whom I haue thought my friend sometimes,
Seekes all hee may to taint my reputation:
Not with complaints, nor any haynous crimes;
But onely saying in his scoffing fashion,
These Writers that still sauour of the schooles,
Frame to themselues a Paradice of fooles.
But while he scornes our mirth and plain simplicitie,
Himselfe doth saile to *Affricke* and *Inde*,
And seekes with hellish paines, yet doth not finde
That blisse, in which he frames his wise felicitie.
Now which of twaine is best, some wise man tell,
Our Paradice, or else wise *Paulus* hell.

61 *Of* Caius *hurts in the warre.*

CAius of late return'd from Flemish warres,
Of certaine little scratches beares the skarres;
And for that most of them are in his face,
With *tant plus bean* hee shewes them for his grace.

Yet

Yet came they not by dint of Pike, or Dart,
But with a pot, a pint, or elſe a quart.
But he ne're makes his boaſt, how, and by whom,
He hath receiu'd a greater blow at home.

62 *Of two Welſh Gentlemen.*

I Heard among ſome other prettie Tales,
How once there was two Gentlemen of Wales,
Of Noble bloud, diſcended of his Houſe
That from our Ladies gowne did take a Louſe.
Theſe two (thus goes the tale) vpon a day,
Did hap to trauell vpon London way:
And for 'twas cumberſome to weare a boote,
For their more eaſe they needs would walke afoote:
Their fare was dainty, and of no ſmall coſt,
For euery meale they call'd for bak't and roſt,
And leſt they ſhould their beſt apparell lacke,
Each of them bore his Wardrobe at his backe.
Their errant was, but ſore againſt their willes,
To Weſtminſter, to ſpeake with Maſter *Miles*.
No marueil men of ſuch a ſumptuous Dyet,
Were brought into the Star-chamber for a Ryot.
Theſe Squires one night arriued at a towne,
To looke their lodgings when the Sunne was downe.
And for the Inne-keeper his gates had locked,
In haſte, like men of ſome account they knocked.
The drowſie Chamberlaine doth aske who's there,
They told that Gentlemen of Wales they were.

How many, quoth the man, is there of you?
Quoth they, Here is *Iohn ap Rice, ap Ione, ap Hue,*
And *Nicholas, ap Steuen, ap Giles, ap Dauy.*
Then Gentlemen adue, quoth he, God ſaue ye.
Your Worſhips might haue had a bed or twaine,
But how can that ſuffice ſo great a traine?

63 *To Maſter* Maior *of Bathe, that Bathe is like Paradice.*

SIr, if you either angry were, or ſorry,
That I haue lik'ned Bathe to Purgatory:
Loe, to regaine your fauour in a trice,
I'le proue it much more like to Paradice.
Man was at firſt in Paradice created,
Many men ſtill in Bathe are procreated.
Man liu'd there in ſtate of Innocence,
Here many liue in wit, like Innocents.
There ſprang the heads of foure moſt noble ſtreams,
From hence flow ſprings, not match't in any Realms.
Thoſe ſprings & fruits, brought help for each diſeaſe,
Theſe vnto many maladies bring eaſe.
Man, there was monyleſſe, naked and poore.
Many goe begging here from dore to dore.
Man there did taſte the Tree he was forbidden.
Here many men taſte fruits, makes them be chidden.
Angels dwell there in pure and ſhining habit.
Angel-like faces, ſome this place inhabit.
Angels let in all are admitted thither,
Angels keepe in all are admitted hither.

Many

Many are ſaid to goe to heauen from thence,
Many are ſent to heauen, or hell, from hence.
But in this one thing likeneſſe moſt is fram'd,
That Men in Bathe goe naked, not aſham'd.

64 Of Don Pedroes Debts.

Don Pedro's out of debt, be bold to ſay it,
For they are ſaid to owe, that meane to pay it.

65 Of one that vow'd to diſ-inherit his ſonne, and giue his goods to the poore.

A Citizen that dwelt neere Temple-barre,
By hap one day fell with his ſonne at Iarre;
Whom for his euill life, and lewd demerit,
He oft affirm'd, he would quit diſ-inherit,
And vow'd his goods, and lands, all to the poore,
His ſonne what with his play, what with his whore,
Was ſo conſum'd at laſt, as he did lacke
Meate for his mouth, and cloathing for his backe,
O crafty pouerty! his father now,
May giue him all he hath, yet keepe his vow.

66 Of a preciſe Cobler, and an ignorant Curat.

A Cobler, and a Curat, once diſputed
Afore a Iudge, about the Queenes Iniunctions,

And sith that still the Curat was confuted,
One said 'twas fit that they two changed functions.
Nay said the Iudge, that motion much I lothe,
But if you will, wee'le make them Coblers both.

---

67 Of Lynus *Poetry.*

WHen *Lynus* thinkes that he and I are friends,
Then all his Poems vnto me he sends:
His Distichs, Satyrs, Sonnets, and Exameters,
His Epigrams, his Lyricks, his Pentameters.
Then I must censure them, I must correct them,
Then onely I must order and direct them.
I reade some three or foure, and passe the rest,
And when for answere I by him am prest,
I say, that all of them some praise deserue,
For certaine vses I could make them serue.
But yet his rime is harsh, vneu'n his number,
The manner much, the matter both doth cumber.
His words too strange, his meanings are too mistick,
But at one word, I best indure his Distick:
And yet might I perswade him in mine humor,
Not to affect vaine praise of common rumor,
Then should he write of nothing: for indeede,
Gladly of nothing I his verse would reade.

68 *Of one that seekes to be stellified being no Pithagorian.*

AN vse there was among some Pithagorians,
If we giue credit to the best Historians:
How they that would obserue the course of *Starres*,
To purge the vapours, that our cleere sight tarres,
And bring the braine vnto a setled quiet,
Did keepe a wondrous strict and sparing dyet,
Drinke water from the purest heads of springs,
Eate Hearbs and Flowers, not taste of liuing things:
And then to this scant fare, their bookes applying,
They call'd this sparing Dyet, *Stellifying*.
Then thinkest thou, professed Epicure,
That neuer couldest vertuous paines endure,
That eat'st fat Venson, bowzest Claret Wine,
Dost play till twelue, and sleepe till after nine,
And in a Coach like *Vulcans* sonne dost ride,
That thou art worthy to be stellified?

69 *Against* Momus.

LEwd *Momus* loues, mens liues and lines to scan,
Yet said (by chance) I was an honest man.
But yet one fault of mine, he strait rehearses,
Which is, I am so full of toyes and verses.
True, *Momus*, true, that is my fault, I grant.
Yet when thou shalt thy chiefest vertue vaunt,

I know ſome worthy Sprites one might entice,
To leaue that greateſt Vertue, for this Vice.

70 Of Galla, and her Tawny fanne.

WHen *Galla* and my ſelfe doe talke together,
Her face ſhe ſhroudes with fan of tawny Fether,
And while my thought ſomewhat thereof deuiſeth;
A double doubt within my minde ariſeth:
As firſt, her skinne or fanne which looketh brighter,
And ſecond, whether thoſe her looks be lighter, (den,
Then that ſame Plume wherwith her looks were hid-
But if I cleer'd theſe doubts, I ſhould be chidden.

71 To his Wife, for ſtriking her Dog.

YOur little Dogge that barkt as I came by,
I ſtrake by hap to hard, I made him cry,
And ſtraight you put your finger in your eye,
And lowring fate, and askt the reaſon why.
Loue me and loue my Dogge, thou didſt reply:
Loue, as both ſhould be lou'd, I will ſaid I,
And ſeal'd it with a kiſſe. Then by and by,
Clear'd were the clouds of thy faire frowning sky.
Thus ſmall euents, great maſteries may try.
For I by this doe at their meaning gheſſe,
That beate a Whelpe afore a Lyoneſſe.

72 *Againſt a Wittall Broker that ſet his wife to ſale.*

I See thee ſell Swords, Piſtols, Clokes, and Gownes,
With Dublets, Slops, & they that pay thee crownes
Doe, as 'tis reaſon, beare away the ware,
Which to ſupply is thy continuall care.
But thy wiues ware, farre better rate doth hold,
Which vnto ſundry chapmen's daily ſold.
Her Fayre laſts all the yeare, and doth not finiſh,
Nor doth her ware ought leſſen, or diminiſh.

73 *Of his tranſlation of* Arioſto.

I Spent ſome yeares, & moneths, & weeks, & dayes,
In Engliſhing the Italian *Arioſt*.
And ſtraight ſome offered Epigrams in praiſe
Of that my thankeleſſe paines, and fruitleſſe coſt.
But while this offer did my ſpirits raiſe,
And that I told my friend thereof in poſt:
He diſapprou'd the purpoſe many waies,
And with this prouerbe prou'd it labour loſt:
Good Ale doth need no ſigne, good Wine no buſh,
Good verſe of praiſers, needs not paſſe a puſh.

74 *Of* Cinna's *Election.*

PVre *Cinna* makes no queſtion he's elect,
Yet lewdly liues: I might beleeue him better,
If he would change his life, or change one letter,
And ſay that he is ſure he is elect.
An holy, true, and long preſerued puritie,
May hap, and but perhap breed ſuch ſecuritie.

---

75 *The Author to a Daughter of nine yeare olde.*

THough pride in Damſels is a hatefull vice,
Yet could I like a Noble-minded Girle,
That would demand me things of coſtly price,
Rich Veluet gownes, pendents, and chaines of Pearle,
Carknets of Aggats, cut with rare deuice,
Not that hereby ſhe ſhould my minde entice
To buy ſuch things againſt both wit and profit,
But I like well ſhe ſhould be worthy of it.

---

76 *To the Earle of Eſſex, of one enuious of* Arioſto *tranſlated.*

MY Noble Lord, ſome men haue thought me proud,
Becauſe my *Furioſo* is ſo ſpred,
And that your Lordſhip hath it ſeene and read,
And haue my veine, and paine therein alow'd.
No ſure, I ſay, and long time ſince haue vow'd,

My

My fancies ſhall not with ſuch baits be fed,
Nor am I fram'd ſo light in foote or head,
That I ſhould dance at ſound of praiſes crown'd:
Yet I'le confeſſe, this pleas'd me when I heard it,
How one that euer carps at others writings,
Yet ſeldome ſhowes any of his enditings,
With much adoe gaue vp his hungry verdit,
T'was well he ſaid, but 'twas but a tranſlation.
Is't not a Ramme that buts of ſuch a faſhion?

77 *Of a ſpeechleſſe woman. To his wife.*

A Curſt wife of her husbands dealings doubting,
At his home comming ſilent was and mute,
And when with kindneſſe he did her ſalute,
She held her peace, and lowring ſate and powting,
Which humour that he thought to check with flowting:
He caus'd one ſecretly to raiſe a brute —
That ſhe lay ſpeechleſſe: ſtraight the Bell doth toule,
And men deuoutly giuen pray'd for her ſoule.
Then ſome kinde Goſſips made a ſpeciall ſute
To viſite her, her hard caſe to condole:
She wondred at the cauſe: but when ſhe knew it,
From that time forward ſo her tongue did role,
That her goodman did wiſh he had been breechleſſe,
When firſt he gaue it forth, that ſhe was ſpeechleſſe.
Well then, my *Mol*, leſt my miſhap be ſuch,
Be neuer dumbe, yet neuer ſpeake too much.

78 *Of a Dunne horſe.*

VVHen you and I, *Paulus* once Hackneys hired,
Rode late to *Rocheſter*, my Hackney tired.
You that will looſe a friend, to coine a ieſt,
Plaid thus on me, and my poore tyred beaſt:
Marke, in *Miſacmos* horſe a wondrous change,
A ſuddaine Metamorphoſis moſt ſtrange.
His Horſe was Gray at riſing of the Sunne,
And now you plaine may ſee, his Horſe is dunne.
Well, *Paulus*, thus with me you pleaſe to ſport,
But thus againe, your ſcoffe I can retort.
Your hayre was blacke, and therein was your glory:
But in two yeares, it grew all gray and hoary.
Now like my Hackney worne with too much traucl,
Mired in the clay, or tired in the grauell,
While two yeare more ouer your head are runne,
Your haire is neither blacke, nor gray, 'tis dunne.

79 *Of* Leda *that plaid at Tables with her Husband.*

IF tales are told of *Leda* be not fables,
Thou with thy Husband do'ſt play falſe at Tables.
Firſt, thou ſo cunningly a Die canſt ſlurre,
To ſtrike an Ace ſo dead, it cannot ſlurre.
Then play thou for a pound, or for a pin,
High men or low men ſtill are foyſted in.

Third-

Thirdly through, for free entrance is no fearing,
Yet thou doſt ouer-reach him ſtill at bearing:
If poore Almes-ace, or Sinct, haue beene the caſt,
Thou bear'ſt too many men, thou bear'ſt too faſt.
Well, *Leda* heare my counſell, vſe it not,
Elſe your faire game may haue ſo foule a blot,
That he to loſe, or leaue, will firſt aduenture,
Then in ſo ſhamefull open points to enter.

---

80 *Of Soothſaying, to the Queene of England.*

MIght Queenes ſhun future miſchiefe by foretelling,
The among Sooth-ſayers twere excellent dwelling:
But if there be no means, ſuch harms expelling,
The knowledge makes the griefe, the more excelling.
Well, yet deare Leige, my ſoule this comfort doth,
That of theſe Soothſayers very few ſay ſooth.

---

81 *How an Aſſe may proue an Elephant.*

IT hath beene ſaid, to giue good ſpirits hope,
A Knight may proue a King, a Clarke, a Pope.
But our yong ſpirits diſdaining all old Rules,
Compar'd by holy Writ, to Horſe and Mules:
'Tis vaine with ancient Prouerbs, to prouoke
To vertuous courſe, with theſe ſuch beare no ſtroke,
Then their old pride, let my new Prouerb daunt,
An Aſſe may one day proue an Elephant.

82 Of a precise Lawyer.

A Lawyer call'd vnto the Barre but lately,
Yet one that lofty bare his lookes, and ſtately;
And how ſo e're his minde was in ſinceritie,
His ſpeech and manners ſhew'd a great auſteritie.
This Lawyer hop'd to be a bidden gheſt,
With diuers others to a Goſſips feaſt.
Where though that many did by intercourſe,
Exchange ſometimes from this, to that diſcourſe:
Yet one bent brow, and frowne, of him was able
To gouerne all the talke was at the table.
His manner was, perhaps to helpe digeſtion,
Still to Diuinitie to draw each queſtion:
In which his tongue extrauagant would range;
And he pronounced Maxims very ſtrange.
First, he affirm'd it was a paſſing folly,
To thinke one day more then another holy.
If one ſaid Michaelmas, ſtraight he would chide,
And tell them they muſt call it Michaels tide.
If one had ſneezde to ſay (as is the faſhion)
Chriſt helpe, 'twas witchcraft, & deſerud damnation.
Now when he talked thus, you muſt ſuppoſe,
The Goſſips cup came often from his noſe,
And were it the warme ſpice, or the warme wether,
At leaſt he ſneezed twice or thrice together.
A pleaſant gheſt, that kept his words in minde,
And heard him ſneeze, in ſcorne ſaid, Keepe behinde;
At which the Lawyer taking great offence,
Said, Sir, you might haue vs'd ſaue-reuerence.

I would

I would, quoth th'other, saue I feared you (too.
Would then haue cal'd saue-reuerence witchcraft

83 *A Prophesie when Asses shall grow Elephants.*

1 WHen making harmful gunnes, vnfruitfull glasses,
Shall quite consume our Rately Oakes to ashes:
2 When Law fils all the land with blots and dashes,
3 When land long quiet, held concealed, passes.
4 When warre and truce playes passes and repasses,
5 When Monopolies are giu'n of toyes and trashes:
6 When Courtiers mar good clothes, with cuts & sla-
7 Whē Lads shall think it free to ly with Lasses, (shes,
8 Whē clergy romes to buy, sell, none abashes, (shes,
9 When foule skins are made fair with new found wa-
10 Whē prints are set on work, with *Greens* & *Nashes*,
11 When Lechers learn to stir vp lust with lashes,
When plainnesse vanishes, vaineneſſe surpasses,
Some shal grow Elephants, were known but Asses.

84 *To my Lady* Rogers *of her seruant* Paine.

YOur seruant *Payne*, for Legacies hath sued
Seuen yeares, I aske him how his matter passes.
He tels how his Testator left not assets.
By which plea him th'executor would allude.
I, in this Lawyers French both dull and rude,
Replide, the plea my learning farre surpasses.

Yet

Yet when reports of both sides I had view'd
In *Forma paper*, this I did conclude;
He was left *Pauper*, and all his Councell asses:
Yet you would giue a hundred crownes or twaine,
That you could cleer discharge your seruant *Paine*.

---

84 *Of one that is vnwilling to lend Money.*

WHen I but buy two suits of rich apparell,
Or some faire ready horse against the running,
Rich *Quintus*, that same Miser, slye and cunning,
Yet my great friend, begins to pick a quarrell,
To tell me how his credit is in perill; (kens)
How some great Lord (whose name may not be spo-
With him for twenty thousand crowns hath broken,
Then, with a fained sigh, and signe of sorrow,
Swearing he thinks, these Lords will quite vndo him,
He cals his seruant *Oliuer* vnto him,
And sends to the Exchange, to take on vse (row.
One thousand pounds, must needs be paid to mor-
Thus would he blinde mine eyes with this abuse,
And thinkes, though he was sure I came to borrow,
That now I needs must shut my mouth for shame.
Fie, *Quintus* fie, then when I speake deny me,
But to denie me thus, before I try thee,
Blush and confesse that you be too too blame.

Against

85 *Against Promoters.*

BAse Spies, disturbers of the publike rest,
With forged wrongs, the true mans right that (wrest:
Packe hence exil'd to desart lands, and waste.
And drinke the cup that you made others taste.
But yet the Prince to you doth bounty show,
That doth your very liues on you bestow.

86 *Against too much trust.*

IF you will shrowde you safe from all mis-haps;
And shun the cause of many after-claps:
Put not in any one too much beliefe:
Your ioy will be the lesse, so will your griefe.

87 *Of dangerous reconciling.*

Dicke said beware a reconciled foe, (woe,
For, though he sooth with words, he seekes your
But I would haue my friend late reconciled,
Beware then *Dicke*, lest he be worse beguiled.

88 *Of* Leda *that saies she is sure to be saued.*

SInce *Leda* knew that sure she was elected, (boast:
She buyes rich clothes, fares well, and makes her

Her corps, the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt,
Muſt be more cheriſhed, and more reſpected:
But *Leda* liueth ſtill to ſinne ſubiected.
Tell *Leda*, that her friend *Miſacmos* feares,
That till ſhe get a minde of more ſubmiſſion,
And purge that corps with Hyſope of contrition,
And waſh that ſinfull ſoule with ſaltiſh teares, (weares,
Though Quailes ſhe eates, though Gold & Pearle ſhe
Yet ſure ſhe doth with damned *Core* & *Dathan*,
But feed and clad a Synagogue of Sathan.

89 *To the Lady* Rogers, *of her vnprofitable ſparing.*

WHen I to you ſometimes make friendly motion
To ſpend vp your ſuperfluous prouiſion,
Or ſell the ſame for coyne, or for deuotion,
To make thereof among the poore diuiſion;
Straight you anſwere me, halfe in deriſion,
And bid me ſpeake againſt your courſe no more:
For plenty you doe loue, ſtore is no ſore.
But ah, ſuch ſtore is enemy to plenty,
You waſte for feare to want, I dare aſſume it:
For, while to ſell, ſpend, giue, you make ſuch dainty,
Keepe corne and cloth, till rat and rot conſume it,
Let meat ſo mould, till muske cannot perfume it,
And by ſuch ſparing, ſeeke to mend ſuch ſtore,
Sore is ſuch ſtore, and God offending ſore.

90 *Againſt*

90 *Against Church-robbers, vpon a picture that hangs where he is worthy.*

THe Germans haue a by-word at this houre,
By *Luther* taught, by Painters skill expreſt,
How Sathan daily Fryers doth deuoure,
Whom in ſhort ſpace he doth ſo well diſgeſt,
That paſſing downe through his poſterior parts,
Tall ſouldiers thence he to the world deliuers,
And out they flie, all arm'd with pikes and darts,
With halberts, and with muskets and caliuers.
According to this *Lutheran* opinions,
They that deuoure whole Churches and their rents,
I meane our Fauourites and Courtly Minions,
Void Forts and Caſtles in their excrements.

91 *A Tale of a Bayliffe diſtrayning for rent. To my Ladie* Rogers.

I heard a pleaſant tale at Cammington,
There where my Lady dwelt, cal'd, The faire Nun,
How one that by his office was Deceiuer,
(My tongue oft trips) I ſhould haue ſaid Receiuer,
Or to ſpeake plaine and true, an arrant Bayly,
Such as about the Country trauell daily,
That when the quarter day was two daies paſt,
Went preſently to gather rents in haſt.

And if, as oft it hapt, he brake good manner,
He straight would plead the customs of the Mannor,
Swearing he might distraine all goods and chattell,
Were it in moueables, or else quick cattell.
This Bayliffe comming to a Tenement,
In the Tenants absence, strayn'd his wife for rent;
In which the beast so playable he found,
He neuer needs to driue her to the pound.
The Tenant, by intelligence, did ghesse,
The Bayliffe taken had a wrong distresse:
And to the Bayliffes wife he went complaining,
Of this her husbands vsage in distraining;
Requesting her like curtesies to render,
And to accept such rent as he would tender.
Shee, whether moued with some strange compassion,
Or that his tale did put her in new passion,
Accepts his paiment like a gentle wench;
All coine was currant, English, Spanish, French:
And when she taken had his sorrie pittance,
I thinke that with a kisse she seal'd the quittance.
Whē next these husbands met, they chaft, they curst,
Happy was he that could cry Cuckold first.
From spightfull words, they fell to daggers drawing,
And after, each to other threatned lawing.
Each party seekes to make him strong by faction,
In seuerall Courts they enter seuerall action,
Actions of Battery, actions in the Case,
With ryots, routs, disturbed all the place.
Much bloud, much money had beene spilt and spent,

About

About this fooliſh ſtraining for the rent;
Saue that a gentle Iuſtice of the Peace,
Willing to cauſe ſuch fooliſh quarrell ceaſe,
Preuail'd ſo with the parties by entreatie,
Of concord both agreed to haue a treatie:
And both refer'd the matter to the Iuſtice,
Who hauing well obſeru'd what a ieſt is:
To thinke two Cuckolds were ſo fairely parted,
Each hauing tane the blow, that neuer ſmarted,
He charged each of them ſhake hands together,
And when they met to ſay, Good morrow, brother:
Thus each quit other all old debts and driblets,
And ſet the Hares head, 'gainſt the Gooſes giblets.

92 *Of caſting out Spirits with faſting, without Prayer.*

A Vertuous Dame that for her ſtate and qualitie,
Did euer loue to keepe great Hoſpitalitie,
Her name I muſt not name in plaine reciting,
But thus, the chiefeſt inſtrument in writing,
Was, by Duke *Humfreys* gheſts ſo boldly haunted,
That her good minde therby was ſhrewdly daunted.
She ſighing, ſaid one day to a careleſſe Ieſter,
Theſe ill-bred gheſts my boord and houſe ſo peſter,
That I pray God oft times with all my heart,
That they would leaue this haunt, and hence depart:
He that by his owne humor haply gheſt,
What manner ſprite theſe ſmell-feaſts had poſſeſt,

Told her, the ſureſt way ſuch ſpirits out-caſting,
Was, to leaue prayer a while, and fall to faſting.

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95 *Againſt Itis a Poet.*

Tis with leaden ſword doth wound my Muſe,
Itis whoſe Muſe in vncouth termes doth ſwagger,
What ſhould I wiſh *Itis* for this abuſe,
But to his leaden ſword, a woodden dagger?

---

94 *Of Wittoll.*

Cayus, none reckned of thy wife a point,
While each man might, without all let or cũber,
But ſince a watch o're her thou didſt appoint,
Of Cuſtomers ſhe hath no little number.
Well, let them laugh hereat that liſt, and ſcoffe it,
But thou do'ſt find what makes moſt for thy profit.

The end of the firſt Booke.

Sir

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams: *The ſecond Booke.*

1 *To the Lady* Rogers, *the authors wiues mother.*

IF I but ſpeake words of a pleaſing ſound:
Yea though the ſame be but in ſport and play,
You bid me peace, or elſe a thouſand pound,
Such words ſhall worke out of my childrens way.
When you ſay thus, I haue no word to ſay.
Thus without Obligation, I ſtand bound,
Thus wealth makes you command, hope me obay,
But let me finde this true another day:
Elſe when your body ſhall be brought to ground,
Your ſoule to bleſſed *Abrahams* boſome, I
May, with good manners, giue your ſoule the lye.

2 *Of the Biſhoprick of Landaffe.*

A Learned Prelate late diſpos'd to laffe,
Hearing me name the Biſhop of Landaffe:

You ſhould ſay, he adviſing well hereon,
Call him Lord *Aff*; for all the land is gone.

3 *Of* Don Pedro's *Dyet-drinke.*

Don Pedro drinkes to no man at the boord,
Nor once a taſte doth of his cup affoord.
Some think it pride in him: but ſee their blindneſſe!
I know therein, his Lordſhip doth vs kindneſſe.

4 *Of* Leda *and* Balbus.

Leda was *Balbus* queane, yet might ſhe haue de-
She weds him, now, what meanes hath *Leda* left to (nide it.
(hide it?

5 *Of* Cinna *his Goſſips cup.*

WHen I with thee, *Cinna*, doe dine or ſup,
Thou ſtill do'ſt offer me thy Goſſips cup:
And though it ſauour well, and be well ſpiced,
Yet I to taſte thereof am not enticed.
Now ſince you needs will haue me cauſe alledge,
Why I ſtraine curt'ſie in that cup to pledge:
One ſaid, thou mad'ſt that cup ſo hote of ſpice,
That it had made thee now a widdower twice.
I will not ſay 'tis ſo, nor that I thinke it;
But good Sir, pardon me, I cannot drinke it.

6 *Of* Leda's *Religion.*

MY louely *Leda*, some at thee repining,
Askt me vnto what sect thou art inclining?
Which doubts shall I resolue among so many,
Whether to none, to one, to all, to any?
Surely one should be deem'd a false accusant,
That would appeach *Leda* for a Recusant.
Her fault according to her former vsing,
Was noted more in taking then refusing.
For Lents or Fasts, she hath no superstition,
For if she haue not chang'd her old condition;
Be it by night in bed, in day in dish,
Flesh vnto her more welcome is then Fish.
Thou art no Protestant, thy fall-hood saith,
Thou canst not hope to saue thy selfe by faith.
Well, *Leda*, yet to shew my good affection,
I'le say thy sect is of a double section.
A Browniſt, louely browne, thy face and breſt,
The Families of Loue, in all the reſt.

7 *That Fauourites helpe the Church.*

OF Late I wrote, after my wonted fashion,
That Fauourites consume the Churches rents:
But mou'd in conscience with retraction,
I'le shew how sore that rashnesse me repents.
For noting in my priuate obseruation,

What

What rents and ſchiſmes among vs daily grow:
No hope appeares of reconciliation,
By helpe of ſuch as can, or ſuch as know.
My Muſe muſt ſing, although my ſoule laments,
That Fauorites increaſe the Churches rents.

8 *Of* Cinna *his courage.*

PVre *Cinna* ſaith, and proudly doth profeſſe,
That if the quarrell he maintaines be good,
No man more valiant is to ſpend his bloud,
No man can dread of death, of danger leſſe.
But if the cauſe be bad, he doth confeſſe,
His heart is cold, and cowardly his moode.
Well, *Cinna*, yet this cannot be withſtood,
Thou haſt but euill lucke, I ſhrewdly gueſſe,
That biding whereas brawles are bred moſt rife,
Thou neuer hadſt good quarrell all thy life.

9 *Of a Lawyer that deſerued his Fee.*

SExtus retain'd a Sergeant at the Lawes,
With one good Fee in an ill-fauour'd cauſe,
The matter bad, no Iudge nor Iury plyent,
The verdit clearly paſt againſt the Clyent.
With which he chaſt, and ſwore he was betray'd,
Becauſe for him the Sergeant little ſaid:

And

And of the Fee, he would haue barr'd him halfe.
Whereat the Sergeant wroth, said, Dizzard, Calfe,
Thou would'ſt, if thou hadſt wit, or ſenſe to ſee,
Confeſſe I had deſeru'd a double Fee,
That ſtood and blushed there in thy behalfe.

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10 *Of* Don Pedro.

A Slaue thou were by birth, of this I gather,
For euer more thou ſai'ſt, my Lord, my Father.

---

11 *Againſt* Lynus *a Writer.*

I Heare that *Lynus* growes in wondrous choller,
Becauſe I ſaid he wrote but like a ſcholler.
If I haue ſaid ſo, *Lynus*, I muſt grant it,
What ere I ſpeake thy ſcholler-ſhip concerning,
I neuer thought, or meant, that thou haſt learning:
But that hereof may grow ſome more recitall,
I'le teach thee how to make me full requitall,
Say thou to breed me equall ſpight and choller,
Muſacmos neuer writes, but like a ſcholler.

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12 *Of* Don Pedro's *bonds.*

DOn *Pedro* cares not in what bonds he enter,
Then I to truſt *Don Pedro* ſoone will venter.

For

For no man can of bonds ſtand more ſecure,
Then he that meanes to keepe his paiment ſure.

13 *Againſt* Caius *that ſcorn'd his Metamorphoſis.*

LAſt day thy Miſtris, *Caius*, being preſent.
One hapt to name, to purpoſe not vnpleaſant,
The title of my miſ-conceiued Booke;
At which you ſpit, as though you could not brooke
So groſſe a word: but ſhall I tell the matter
Why? If one names a lax, your lips doe water.
There was the place of your firſt loue and meeting,
There firſt you gaue your Miſtris ſuch a greeting,
As bred her ſcorne, your ſhame, and others laſter,
And made her feele it twenty fortnights after:
Then thanke their wit, that make the place ſo ſweet,
That for your *Hymen* you thought place ſo meet,
But meet not Maids at Madam *Cloacina*,
Leſt they cry nine moneths after, Helpe *Lucina*.

14 *Againſt an Atheiſt.*

THat heau'ns are voide, & that no gods there are,
Rich *Paulus* ſaith, and all his proofe is this:
That while ſuch blaſphemies pronounce he dare,
He liueth here in eaſe, and earthly bliſſe.

15 *Of* Cosmus *heyre.*

WHen all men thought old *Cosmus* was a dying,
And had by Will giu'n thee much goods & lands,
Oh, how the little *Cosmus* fell a crying!
Oh, how he beates his brests, and wrings his hands!
How feruently for *Cosmus* health he pray'd!
What worthy Almes he vow'd, on that condition:
But when his pangs a little were allay'd,
And health seem'd hoped, by the learn'd Phisition,
Then though his lips all loue, and kindnes vanted,
His heart did pray, his prayer might not be granted.

16 *Of* Faustus, *a stealer of Verses.*

I Heard that *Faustus* oftentimes rehearses,
To his chaste Mistris, certaine of my Verses:
In which with vse, so perfect he is growne,
That she, poore foole, now thinkes they are his owne.
I would esteeme it (trust me) grace, not shame,
If *Davis*, or if *Daniel* did the same.
For would I thanke, or would I quarrell pike?
I, when I list, could doe to them the like.
But who can wish a man a fowler spight,
Then haue a blinde man take away his light?
A begging Theefe, is dangerous to my purse:
A baggage Poet to my Verse is worse.

17 Misacmos

17 Misacmos *of himselfe.*

MVse you, *Misacmos* failes in some endeuour;
Alas, an honest man's a Nouice euer.
Fie, but a man's disgrac'd, noted a Nouice.
Yea, but a man's more grac'd, noted of no vice.

18 *Of the Corne that rained.*

I Handled, tasted, saw it with mine eyes,
The graine that lately fell downe from the skyes:
Yet what it tok'ned could I not deuise,
And many doubts did in my minde arise.
At last, I thus resolu'd, it signifies
That this is our sole meane, to mend this dearth,
To aske from heau'n, that we doe lacke on earth.

19 *To his wife, at the birth of his first Child.*

THe Poet Martiall made a speciall sute
Vnto his Prince, to grant him vnder seale,
Right of three children, which they did impute
A kinde of honour, in their Common-weale.
But for such sute, my selfe I need not trouble;
For thou do'st seale to me this Patent double.

20 *Against Feasting.*

KInde *Marcus*, me to supper lately bad,
And to declare how well to vs he wishes,
The roome was strow'd with Roses and with rushes,
And all the cheere was got, that could be had.
Now in the midst of all our dainty dishes,
Me thinke, said he to me, you looke but sad,
Alas (said I) 'tis to see thee so mad,
To spoile the skies of Fowles, the seas of fishes,
The land of beasts, and be at so much cost,
For that which in one houre will all be lost.
That entertainment that makes me most glad,
Is not the store of stew'd, boy'ld, bak't and rost.
But sweet discourse, meane fare, & then beleeue me,
To make to thee like cheere, shall neuer grieue me.

21 *Against* Cosmus *couetousnesse.*

Cosmus, when I among thine other vices,
That are in nature foule, in number many,
Aske thee what is the reason thee entices,
To be so basely pinching for thy penny?
Do'st thou not call vpon thy selfe a curse,
Not to enioy the wealth that thou hast wonne?
But saue, as if thy soule were in thy purse?
Thou straight reply'st, I saue all for my sonne.
Alas, this re-confirmes what I said rather:
Cosmus hath euer beene a Penny-father.

22 *Against*

22 *Against Vintners in Bathe.*

IF men ought those in duty to commend,
That questions of Religion seeke to end,
Then I to praise our Vintners doe intend.
For Question is twixt Writer old and latter,
If wine alone, or if wine mixt with water
Should of the blessed Sacrament be matter?
Some ancient Writers with it should be mingled,
But latter men, with much more zeale inkindled,
Will haue wine quite and cleane from water singled.
Our zealous Vintners here, growne great Diuines,
To finde which way antiquity enclines,
For pure zeale mix with water all our wines.
Well, plainly to tell truth, and not to flatter,
I find our wines are much the worse for water.

23 *To pacifie his wives mother, when she was angry.*

MAdam, I read to you a little since,
The storie of a Knight that had incurr'd
The deepe displeasure of a mighty Prince:
For feare of which, long time he neuer sturr'd,
Till watching once the King that came frō Chappel,
His little sonne fast by him, with his Gardon,
Entic'd the Infant to him with an apple;
So caught him in his armes, and su'd for pardon:

Then

Then you shall turne your angry frown from lafter,
As oft as in mine armes you see your daughter.

24 *To his wife, of* Poppea Sabynas *faire heyre.*

MAll once I did, but doe not now enuy
Fierce *Nero's* blisse, of faire *Poppeas* rayes,
That in his lap, koming her locks would lye,
Each haire of hers, a verse of his did praise,
But that prais'd beauty, fruitlesse spent her daies.
No yong *Augustus* euer call'd him Dad:
No small *Poppeas* with their pretty plaies
Did melt their hearts, and melting make them glad:
But thou in this, do'st passe his faire *Sabyna*,
Thou hast seuen times beene succor'd by *Lucina*.
Thy wombe in branches seau'n, it selfe displayes.
Then leaue I *Nero*, with *Poppeas* haires:
To ioy, and to enioy thee, and thine heyres.

25 *Against* Lalus *an ill Preacher.*

YOng *Lalus* tooke a Text of excellent matter,
And did the same expound, but marre the latter,
His tongue so vainely did and idly chatter,
The people nought but hem, and cough, and spatter,
Then said a Knight, not vs'd to lye or flatter:
Such Ministers doe bring the Diuels blessing,
That marre vs so good meate, with so ill dressing.

26 *Against* Paulus *an Atheist.*

LEwd *Paulus*, led by *Sadduces* infection,
Doth not beleeue the bodies resurrection:
And holds them all in scorne, and deepe derision,
That tell of Saints or Angels apparision;
And sweares, such things are fables all, and fancies
Of Lunatiques or Fooles, possest with frenzies.
I haue (said he) trauail'd both neere and farre,
By sea, by land, in time of peace and warre,
Yet neuer met I sprite, or ghost, or elfe,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe.
Well, *Paulus*, this, I now beleeue indeede,
For who in all, or part, denies his Creede;
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himselfe, shall neuer see.

27 *To* Galla *going to the Bathe.*

WHen *Galla* for her health goeth to the Bathe,
She carefully doth hide, as is most meete,
With aprons of fine linnen, or a sheete,
Those parts that modestie concealed hath:
Nor onely those, but eu'n the brest and necke,
That might be seene, or showne, without all checke,
But yet one foule, and vnbeseeming place,
She leaues vncouered still: What's that? Her face.

28 *To one that had meate ill dreſt.*

KIng Mithridate to poyſons ſo inur'd him,
As deadly poyſons damage none procur'd him.
So you to ſtale, vnſauorie foode and durtie,
Are ſo inur'd, as famine ne're can hurt yee.

29 *Of giuing much credit.*

OF all the Towne old *Cedrus* giues moſt credit:
Who he, poore ſoule? Alas that ere you ſed it.
How can he credit much, and is ſo poore?
Hee's blinde: yet makes he loue to euery whore.

30 *Of honeſt Theft. To my good friend Maſter* Samuel Daniel.

PRoud *Paulus* late my ſecrecies reuealing,
Hath told I got ſome good conceits by ſtealing.
But where got he thoſe double Piſtolets, (gets?
With which good clothes, good fare, good land he
Tuſh, thoſe, he ſaith, came by a man of warre,
That brought a Prize of Price, from countries farre
Then, fellow Thiefe, let's ſhake together hands,
Sith both our wares are filcht from forren lands.
You'le ſpoile the Spaniards, by your writ of Mart:
And I the Romanes rob, by wit, and Art.

31 *Against* Faustus.

IN skorne of Writers, *Faustus* still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath beene said of old:
Well, *Faustus*, say my wits are grosse and dull,
If for that word, I giue not thee a Gull:
Thus then I proue that holds a false position,
I say, thou art a man of fayre condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high discent, and left good store of lands,
Thou with false dice and cards hast neuer plaid,
Corrupted neuer Widdow, Wife, nor Maid,
And as for swearing none in all this Realme,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your vertues are so rare and ample,
For all our sonnes thou maist be made a sample.
This I dare sweare, none euer said before,
This I may sweare, none euer will say more.

32 *Of Freewill.*

I Know a foolish fellow hath a fashion,
To proue that all is by Predestination,
And teach's, nor man, nor spirit hath free-will
In doing, no, nor thinking good or ill.
I am no Doctor at this disputation,
Nor are deepe questions fit for shallow skill:
Yet I'le renounce, with learn'd men reputation,
If I disproue not this by demonstration:

I'le

I'le proue ſo plaine, as none can it reſiſt,
That in ſome things, three things doe what they liſt:
The wind, ſaith Scripture, where it liſt doth blow,
His tongue talkes what it liſts, his ſpeeches ſhow,
My heart beleeues him as it liſt, I know.

33 *Of a drunken Paracelſian.*

WHen *Pilo* other trades of thrift had miſt,
Hee then profeſt to be an Alcumiſt,
That's all too much. Chimiſt you might him call,
And I thinke 'twere true, and leaue out all:
He takes vpon him, he can make a mixture,
Of which he can extract the true elixar,
Tinctur of Pearle and Currall he doth draw,
And Quinteſſence the beſt that ere you ſaw,
He hath the cure, except *Aqua Mirabilis*,
Onely he wants drammes *Auri Potabilis*;
He doth of nature, ſo the ſecret ſerrit,
That he of euery thing can draw the ſpirit:
Spirits of Mynes, ſpirits of ſtones and herbes,
Whoſe names can ſcant be told with nownes and verbes,
But of all ſpirits my ſpirit doth diuine
His ſpirit beſt doth loue the ſpirit of wine.

34 *Of Miſacmos his ſucceſſe in a ſuite.*

MIſacmos hath long time a ſuter beene,
To ſerue in ſome neere place about the Queen:
In which his friends, to worke his better ſpeed,
Doe tell her Highneſſe, as 'tis true indeed,

That hee's a man well borne and better bred,
In humane ſtudyes ſeene, in ſtories read,
Adding vnto an induſtry not ſmall,
Pleaſant conceit and memory withall,
And chiefly that he hath beene from his youth,
A zealous ſearcher of Eternall Truth:
Now neuer wonder, he his ſuite doth miſſe;
What I haue told you, that the reaſon is.

35 *A Groome of the Chambers religion in King* Henry *the eights time.*

ONe of King *Henries* Fauourites beganne,
To moue the King one day to take a man,
Whom of his Chamber he might make a Groome,
Soft, ſayd the King, before I grant that roome,
It is a queſtion not to be neglected,
How he in his Religion ſtands affected.
For his Religion, anſwered then the Minion,
I doe not certaine know what's his opinion:
But ſure he may, talking with men of learning,
Conforme himſelfe in leſſe then ten daies warning.

36 *To Doctor* Haruey *of Cambridge.*

THe prouerbe ſayes, Who fights with durty foes,
Muſt needs be foyl'd, admit they winne or loſe.
Then thinke it doth a Doctors credit daſh,
To make himſelfe Antagoniſt to *Naſh*?

An

37 *An infallible rule to rule a Wife.*
To his wiues mother.

COncerning th'wiues hold this a certaine rule,
That if at firſt you let them haue the rule,
Your ſelfe at laſt, with them ſhall haue no rule,
Except you let them euer-more to rule. *Probatũ eſt.*

38 *Why* Paulus *takes ſo much Tobacco.*

WHen our good Iriſh neighbours make repaire,
With Lenton ſtuffe vnto Bridge-waters Faire,
At euery Boothe, and Alehouſe that they come,
They call for Herring ſtraight, they muſt haue ſome.
Hoſtis. I pree dee haſt tee any Herring?
Yea, ſir: O paſſing meate! a happy herring.
Herring they aske, they praiſe, they eate, they buy;
No price of Herring can be held too hye.
But, when among them it is cloſely mutter'd,
Thoſe Herrings that they bought, to ſell, are vtter'd.
Then giue them Herring, Poh, away with theſe:
Pre'dee good Hoſtis, giue's ſome Engliſh Cheeſe.
Hence I haue learn'd the cauſe, and ſee it clearely,
Why *Paulus* takes Tobacco, buyes it dearely,
At Tippling-houſes, where he eates and drinkes,
That euery roome ſtraight of Tobacco ſtinkes.
He ſweares 'tis ſalue for all diſeaſes bred,
It ſtrengthens ones weake back, comforts the head,
Dulls much fleſh-appetite, 'tis cordiall durable,

It cures that ill, which some haue thought incurable.
Thus while proud *Paulus* hath Tobacco praised,
The price of eu'ry pound, a pound is raised.
And why's all this? because he loues it well?
No: but because himselfe hath store to sell;
But hauing sold all his, he will pronounce
The best in *Cane* not worth a groat an ounce.

39 *Of a formall Minister.*

A Minister, affecting singularitie,
And preaching in the Pulpit of his theame,
Borne with the current of the common streame,
Extolling faith and hope, forgetting charitie.
For while he was most busie in his Text,
He spyde a woman talking with her next,
And straight he cried to her, Dame, leaue thy babbling.
Wherewith the good poore woman shrewdly vext,
Could hold no longer, but fell flat to squabbling:
Beshrew thy naked heart, she doth reply.
Who babbled in this place more? thou, or I?

40 *Of a lawfull Wife.*

AT end of three yeares law, and sute, and strife,
whē Canon lawes, & cōmon both cōmand her,
Cys married thee; now sue them for a slaunder,
That dare deny she is thy lawfull wife.

41 *Against Feasting.*

LAst day, I was vnto your house inuited,
And on the bord were forty diuers dishes,
Of Sallets, and of flesh and fowles and fishes,
With which (God knowes) I little am delighted.
Because, I came, I tooke that you did bid me,
But now, I rather thinke, you did forbid me.

42 *Against* Lynus, *that said the Nobility were decayed.*

YOu *Lynus*, say, that most of our Nobility
Are much decayd in valour and in wit:
Though some of them haue wealth, & good ability,
Yet very few for gouernment are fit.
Foole, seest thou not, that in our stately buildings,
Plaine massy stones the substance doth sustaine,
Yet collomes wreath'd & staid, set out with guildings,
Must in high ranke for ornament remaine?
So men of noble birth, the State adorne,
But by the wise, stout, learn'd, the sway is borne.

43 *To* Itis, alias Ioyner, *an vncleanly token, conuayd in cleanly termes.*

TOrquato Tasso, for one little fault,
That did perhaps deserue some small rebuke,
Was by his sharp and most vngratefull Duke,

S[illegible]

Shut vp close prisoner in a loathsome vault;
Where wanting pen and inke by Princes order,
His wit, that wals of Adamant could pierce,
Found meanes to write his minde in excellent verse:
For want of Pen and Inke, with pisse and ordure.
But thy dull wit dam'd by *Apollo's* crew,
To dungeon of disgrace, though free thy body,
With Pen, nay Print, doth publish like a noddy.
Base taunts, that turn'd vpon thy selfe, are true;
And wanting salt thy wallowish still to season,
And being of vncouth termes a senslesse coyner,
Thou call'st thy selfe vnproperly, a Ioyner,
Whose verse hath quite dissever'd rime and reason;
Deseruing for such rayling, and such bodging,
For this, *Torquatos* Inke, for that, his Lodging.

44 *To his Wife.*

WHen I to thee my Letters superscribe
Thus, To mine own; *Leda* thereat doth iybe,
And aske her why? she saith, because I flatter,
But let her thinke so still, it makes no matter:
If I doe flatter, onely thou canst try,
Suffiseth me, thou think'st I doe not lye.
For, let her husband write so, for my life,
He flattereth himselfe more then his wife.

45 *Sir* Iohn Raynsfords *confession.*

R*Aynsford*, a Knight, fit to haue seru'd king *Arthur*,
And in Queene *Maries* dayes a demy Martyr:

For

For though both then, before, and since he turn'd,
(Yet sure, *per ignem hanc*, he might be burn'd.)
This Knight agreed with those of that profession,
And went, as others did, to make confession:
Among some *Peccadillos*, he confest,
That same sweet sinne, that some but deeme a Iest,
And told, how by good help of bawdes and varlets,
Within 12. moneths he had sixe times twelue harlots.
The Priest, that at the tale was halfe astonished
With graue and ghostly counsell him admonished
To fast, and pray, to driue away that diuell.
That was to him causer of so great euill,
That the lewd spirit of Lecherie, no question,
Stird vp his lust, with many a lewd suggestion:
A filthy Fiend, said he, most foule and odious,
Nam'd, as appeares, in holy writs, *Asmodius*.
Thus, with some Pennance that was ne're performed,
Away went that same Knight, smally reformed.
Soone after this, ensued religions Change,
That in the Church bred alteration strange,
And *Raynsford*, with the rest, follow'd the streame.
The Priest went rouing round about the Realme.
This Priest, in cloathes disguis'd himselfe did hide,
Yet *Raynsford*, three yeares after him had spyde,
And layd vnto his charge, and sorely prest him,
To tell if 'twere not he that had confest him,
The Priest, though this knights words did sore him daunt,
Yet what he could not well deny, did grant,
And prayd him not to punish, or controule
That he had done for safety of his soule.

No,

No, knaue, quoth he, I will no harme procure thee,
Vpon my Worship here I doe assure thee:
I onely needs must laugh at thy great folly,
That would'st perswade with me to be so holy;
To chastise mine owne flesh, to fast and pray,
To driue the spirit of Lechery away.
'Swounds, foolish knaue, I fasted not, nor pray'd,
Yet is that spirit quite gone from me, he said:
If thou couldst helpe me to that spirit againe,
Thou shouldst a hundred pound haue for thy paine.
That lustie Lord of Lecherie *Asmodius*,
That thou cal'st odious, I doe count commodious.

46 *A pretty question of* Lazarus *soule well answered.*

ONce on occasion two good friends of mine
Did meete at meate, a Lawyer and Diuine;
Both hauing eaten well to helpe digestion,
To this Diuine, the Lawyer put this question:
When *Lazarus* in graue foure daies did stay,
Where was his soule? In heauen, or hell I pray?
Was it in hell? Thence no redemption is.
And if in heauen: would Christ abate his blisse?
Sir, said the Preacher, for a short digression,
First, answere me one point, in your profession:
If so his heyres and he had falne to strife,
Whose was the land, if he came backe from life?
This latter question mou'd them all to laster,
And so they drunke one to another after.

47 *Against long suits in Law.*

IN Court of Wards, Kings Bench, & Cómon place
Thou follow'd hast one sute, this seu'n yeares space.
Ah wretched man, in mothers wombe accurst,
Thou could'st not rather loose thy sute at furst.

Hoc mihi tecti cõmune est

48 *Of an importunate prater, out of* Martiall.

HE that is hoarse, yet still to prate doth please,
Proues he can neither speak, nor hold his peace.

Dignus est odio.

49 *Against Ielousie. To my friend.*

RIght terrible are windes on waters great,
Most horrible are tempests on the sea,
Fire mercilesse, that all consumes with heat,
Plagues monstrous are, that Cities cleane decay:
Warre cruell is, and pinching famine curst:
Yet of all ills, the iealouse wife is worst.

Sorte tu contentus abi.

50 *Against* Quintus, *that being poore and prodigall, became rich and miserable.*

SCant was thy Liuing, *Quintus*, ten pound cleare,
When thou didst keepe such fare, so good a table.

That

That we thy friends prai'd God thou might'st be able,
To spend, at least, an hundred pounds a yeare.
Behold, our boone God did benignly heare.
Thou gotst so much by Fortune fauourable,
And foure friends death to thee both kind & deare:
But suddenly thou grew'st so miserable,
We thy old friends to thee vnwelcome are;
Poore-Iohn, and Apple-pyes are all our fare.
No Salmon, Sturgeon, Oysters, Crab, nor Cunger.
What should we wish thee now for such demerit?
I would thou might'st one thousand pounds inherit,
The, without question, thou wold'st starue for hunger!

51 *To my Lady* Rogers.

GOod Madam, with kind speech & promise faire,
That from my wife you would not giue a rag;
But she should be Exector sole, and heyre.
I was (the more foole I) so proud and brag,
I sent to you against S. *Iames* his Faire,
A Teerce of Claret-wine, a great fat Stagge.
You straight to all your neighbours made a feast;
Each man I met hath filled vp his panch,
With my Red-deere, onely I was no ghest,
Nor euer since did taste of side or haunch.
Well, Madam, you may bid me hope the best,
That of your promise you be sound and staunch,
Else, I might doubt I should your land inherit;
That of my Stagge did not one morsell merit.

52 Of Sextus mis-hap comming from a Taverne.

NOw *Sextus* twice hath supt at *Saracens* head,
And both times, homewards, comming drunk to bed:
He by the way his Pantoffles hath lost,
And grieu'd both with the mocke, and with the cost,
To saue such charges, and to shun such frumps,
He goes now to the Taverne in his Pumps.

53 How Sextus laid claime to an Epigram.

WHen *Sextus* heard my rime of *Raynsford* reeding,
With laughter lowd he cries, & voice exceeding,
That Epigram was mine, who euer made it.
I told him that conceit, from me, he had it.
A barbarisme, the blinder still the bolder!
Will *Sextus* ne're grow wise? growing older,
When *Phidias* framed had in marble pure,
Ioues goodly Statue, would a man endure
A Pyoner to challenge halfe the praise,
That from the quarr the ragged stone did raise.
Or should a Carman boast of his desart,
Because he did vnload it from his Cart:
I thinke that *Sextus* selfe would neuer say't,
So in like manner, *Sextus*, that conceit (head,
Was like a rugged stone, dig'd from thy foolish
Now 'tis a Statue caru'd by vs, and polished.

54 Of an Alborne Rabbet.

LAte comming from the Palace of the best,
(The centre of the men of better sence)
My purse growne low, by ebbe of long expence;
And going for supplies into the West,
My Hoast to whom I was a welcome ghest,
Makes me great cheere, but when I parted thence,
My trustie seruant *William* tooke offence:
(Though now God wot, it was too late to spare)
That in the shot things too high prized are.
And namely for two Rabbets twenty pence.
The Tapster well inur'd to prate and face,
Told they were white and yong, and fat, and sweet:
New kill'd, and newly come from Alborne chace,
For that good fare, good paiment is most meete.
I willing to make short their long debate,
Bade my man pay the reck'ning at his rate:
Adding, I know, a miser of his money,
Giues more then ten pence for an Alborn Coney.

55 Of hearing Masse.

MEn talking, as oft it comes to passe,
How dangerous 'tis now to heare a Masse;
A valiant Knight swore for a thousand pound;
He would not present at a Masse be found.
A Noble Lord stood by, and hearing it,
Said, Sir, I then should much condemne your wit.

For

For were you found, and follow'd ne're so nearly;
You gaine nine hundred pound & vpward clearly.

56 *Of a Preacher that sings* Placebo.

A Smooth-tong'd Preacher that did much affect
To be reputed of the purer sect.
Vnto these times great praises did afforde,
That brought, he said, the sunne-shine of the Word:
The sunne-shine of the Word, this he extold,
The sunne-shine of the Word, this still he told.
But I that well obseru'd what slender fruits
Haue growne of all their preaching and disputes,
Pray God they bring vs not, when all is done,
Out of Gods blessing, into this warme sunne.
For sure, as some of them haue vs'd the matter,
Their sunne-shine is but moone-shine in the water.

57 *Of the naked Image that was to stand in my Lo: Chamberlaines Gallery.*

Acteon, guiltlesse vnawares espying
Naked *Diana*, bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with horns, his dogs did him deuoure.
Wherefore take heed, yee that are curious prying,
With some such forked plague you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads so your faults be written.

58 *Of the same to the Ladies.*

HEr face vnmask't, I saw, her corps vnclad.
No vaile, no couer, her and me betweene:
No ornament was hid, that beauty had,
I blusht that saw, she blusht not that was seene,
With that I vow'd neuer to care a rush,
For such a beauty, as doth neuer blush.

59 *Of* Don Pedroe's *threats.*

DOn *Pedro* thinkes I scorne him in my Rime,
And vowes, if he can proue I vse detraction,
Of the great scandall he will haue his action:
I that desir'd to cleere me of the crime,
When I was askt, said, No, my Lord, I haue not:
Then sweare, said he: Not so, my Lord, I cannot.
Since that I neuer heard newes of this action:
Wherefore, I thinke, he hath his satisfaction.

60 *Against Bravery.*

VVHen Romane *Marius* had in countrey quarrell,
The seruant killed, to the Masters terror:
What time his eye deceiu'd with rich apparell,
Did cause his hand commit that happy errour:
The King amaz'd at so rare resolution,
Both for his safety, and his reputation,
Remou'd the fire, and stay'd that execution;
And for his sake, made peace with all his Nation:

Perhaps

Perhaps it is from hence the custome springs,
That oft in Court Knaues goe as well as Kings.

61 *Of* Leda's *vnkindnesse.*

FAire *Leda* late to me is growne malicious,
At all my workes in prose or verse repining:
Because my words, she saith, makes men suspitious,
That she is to the Puritanes inclining.
Leda, what ere I said, I did suspect,
Thou wert not pure enough, in one respect.

62 *Of an Abbot that had beene a good fellow.*

AN Abbot that had led a wanton life, (nesse,
And cited now, by deaths sharpe Sumner, Sicke-
Felt in his soule, great agony and strife,
His sinnes appearing in most hideous likenesse.
The Monkes that saw their Abbot so dismaid,
And knew no lesse his life had beene lasciuious:
Yet for his finall comfort, thus they said,
Thinke not, deare Sir, we will be so obliuious,
But that with fasting, and with sacred ringing,
And prayer, we will for you such grace attaine,
That after *requiem*, and some Dirges singing,
You shall be freed from Purgatories paine.
Ah, thankes my sonnes, said he, but all my feare,
Is onely this, that I shall ne're come there.

63 *Againſt* Cinna *a Browniſt, that ſaith he is ſure to be ſaued.*

IF thou remaine ſo ſure of thine election,
As thou ſaid'ſt, *Cinna*, when we laſt diſputed,
That to thy ſoule, no ſinne can be imputed:
That thy ſtrong Faith, hath got ſo ſure protection,
That all thy faults are free from all correction.
Heare then my counſell, to thy ſtate well ſuted,
It comes from one, that beares thee kinde affection,
'Tis ſo infallible, that no obiection
There is, by which it may be well confuted.
Leaue, *Cinna*, this baſe earth with ſinne polluted,
And to be free from wicked mens ſubiection,
And that the Saints may be by thee ſaluted,
Forſake wife, friends, lands, goods & worldly pelfe,
And get a halter quickly, and goe hang thy ſelfe.

64 *To Maſter* Baſtard, *a Miniſter, that made a pleaſant Booke of Engliſh Epigrams.*

THough duſty wits of this vngratefull time,
Carpe at thy booke of Epigrams, and ſcoffe it:
Yet wiſe men know, to mix the ſweet with profit
Is worthy praiſe, not onely void of crime.
Then let not enuy ſtop thy veine of Rime:
Nor let thy function make thee ſhamed of it:
A Poet is one ſtep vnto a Prophet:

And

And ſuch a ſtep, as 'tis no ſhame to clime.
You muſt in Pulpit treat of matters ſerious:
As beſt beſeemes the perſon, and the place,
There preach of Faith, Repentance, Hope and Grace,
Of Sacraments, and ſuch high things myſterious,
But they are too ſeuere, and too imperious,
That vnto honeſt ſports will grant no ſpace:
For theſe our minds refreſh, when thoſe weary vs,
And ſpurre our doubled ſpirit to ſwifter pace.
The wholeſom'ſt meats that are, will breed ſacietie,
Except we ſhould admit of ſome varietie.
In Muſicke, notes muſt be ſome high, ſome baſe.
And this I note, your Verſes haue intendment,
Still kept within the liſts of good ſobrietie,
To worke in mens ill manners, good amendment.
Wherefore if any thinke ſuch Verſe vnſeaſonable:
Their Stoicke minds are foes to good ſocietie,
And men of reaſon may thinke them vnreaſonable.
It is an act of vertue and of pietie,
To warne vs of our ſinnes in any ſort,
In proſe, in verſe, in earneſt, or in ſport.

65 *Of a kinde vnkinde Husband.*

A Rich old Lord did wed a rich yong Lady,
Of good complexion, and of goodly ſtature,
And for he was of kinde and noble nature,
He lou'd to ſee her goe as braue as may be.
A pleaſant Knight one day was ſo preſumptuous,

To tell this Lord in way of plaine simplicitie,
'Tis you, my Lord, that haue this worlds felicitie;
To haue a Dame so yong, so sweet, so sumptuous.
Tush, said the Lord, but these same costly Gownes,
With Kirtles, Carknets, plague mee in such sort,
That euery time I taste of *Venus* sport,
I will be sworne, cost me one hundred Crownes.
Now fie Sir, said his wife, where is your sense;
Though 'tis too true, yet say not so for shame,
For I would wish to cleere me of the blame:
That each time cost you but a hundred pence.

66 *Of Galla's goodly Periwigge.*

YOu see the goodly hayre that *Galla* weares,
'Tis certain her own hayr, who wold haue thoght (it?
She sweares it is her owne: and true she sweares:
For hard by Temple-barre last day she bought it.
So faire a haire, vpon so foule a forehead, (rowed.
Augments disgrace, and showes the grace is bor-

67 *Of Master* Iohn Dauies *Booke of Dancing. To himselfe.*

WHile you the Planets all doe set to dancing,
Beware such hap, as to the Fryer was chancing:
Who preaching in a Pulpit old and rotten,
Among some notes most fit to be forgotten;
Vnto his Auditory thus he vaunts,
To make all Saints after his pype to daunce:

It

It ſpeaking, which as he himſelfe aduances,
To act his ſpeech with geſtures, lo, it chances,
Downe fals the Pulpit, ſore the man is bruiſed,
Neuer was Frier and Pulpit more abuſed.
Then beare with me, though yet to you a ſtranger,
To warne you of the like, nay greater danger.
For though none feare the falling of thoſe ſparkes,
(And when they fall, 'twill be good catching Larkes)
Yet this may fall, that while you dance and skip
With Female Planets, ſo your foote may trip,
That in their lofty Caprioll and turne,
Their motion may make your dimenſion burne.

68 *To* Paulus.

TO loue you, *Paulus*, I was well enclin'd:
But euer ſince you honour did require,
I honour'd you, becauſe it was your deſire:
But now to loue you, I doe neuer minde.

69 *Of Table-talke.*

IHad this day carrouſt the thirteenth cup,
And was both ſlipper-tong'd, and idle-brain'd,
And ſaid by chance, that you with me ſhould ſup.
You thought hereby, a ſupper cleerely gain'd;
And in your Tables you did quote it vp.
Vnciuill gheſt, that hath beene ſo ill train'd!
Worthy thou art hence ſupperleſſe to walke,
That tak'ſt aduantage of our Table-talke.

70 *Of the commodities that men haue by their Marriage.*

A Fine yong Clerke, of kinne to Fryer *Frappert*,
Prompt of his tongue, of perſon neat & dappert:
Not deepely read, yet were he put vnto it,
One that could ſay his ſeruice; and would doe it.
His markes & haire, ſhow'd him of excellent carriage:
This man one day hap'ned to talke of marriage,
And prou'd not onely, that 'tis honourable,
But that the ioyes thereof are admirable.
He told the tale to me, and other friends,
And ſtraight I learn'd it at my fingers ends.
Which ioyes that you may better vnderſtand,
I'le place them on each finger of my hand.
Foure ioyes, he ſaid, on married men I caſt,
wife. A wife, and friends, and coyne, and children laſt.
friend. And firſt the wife, ſee how at bed, at boord.
Coney. What comfort, and what ioyes, ſhe doth affoord.
Children Then for her friends, what ioy can be more deare,
Then louing friends, dwell they farre off or neare?
A third ioy then it is, to haue the portion,
Well got, and void of ſtrife, fraud, or extortion.
And fourthly thoſe ſweete Babes, that call on Dad,
Oh, how they ioy the ſoule, and make it glad!
But now, Sir, there remaines one obſeruation,
That well deſerues your due conſideration.
Marke then againe, I ſay, for ſo 'twere meete,
Which of theſe ioyes are firme, and which doe fleete.

First,

First, for the wife, ſure no man can deny it,
That for moſt part, ſhe ſtickes moſt ſurely by it.
But for thy friends, when they ſhould moſt auaile you,
By death, or fortunes change, oft times they faile you.
Then for the portion, without more forecaſt,
Whiles charge encreaſeth, money failes as faſt.
And laſt the children, moſt of them out-liue you,
But ill brought vp, they often liue to grieue you.
Now marke vpon the fingers, who remaine, *wife.*
The Children and the Wife, onely theſe twaine. *Children*

---

71 *To* Marcus *that would borrow.*

YOu ſent to me, *Marcus*, for twenty marke:
But to that ſute, I would by no meanes harke:
But ſtraight next day, you ſent your man in poſt,
To tell me how a Lord with you would hoſt,
And I muſt lend, to entertaine this State,
Some Baſons, Ewres, and ſome ſuch other plate.
Are you a foole? Or, thinke you me a foole,
That I ſhould now be ſet againe to ſchoole?
Were not my wiſedome, worthy to be wondred,
Denying twenty Markes, to lend one hundred?

---

72 *To his wife after they had beene marryed foureteene yeare.*

TWo Prētiſhips with thee I now hauebeen, (ſeen,
Mad times, ſad times, glad times, our life hath
Soules

Soules we haue wroght 4. payre since our first meeting
Of which, 2. soules, sweet soules, were to be fleeting,
My workemanship so well doth please thee still,
Thou wouldst not grant me freedome by thy will,
And I'le confesse such vsage I haue found,
Mine heart yet ne're desir'd to be vnbound.
But though my selfe am thus thy Prentice vow'd,
My dearest *Mal*, yet thereof be not proud,
Nor claime no rule thereby; there's no such cause:
For *Plowden*, who was father of the Lawes
Which yet are read and rul'd by his Enditings,
Doth name himselfe a Prentice in his writings,
And I, if you should challenge vndue place,
Could learne of him to alter so the case:
I plaine would proue, I still kept due priority,
And that good wiues are still in their minority:
But far from thee, my deare be such audacitie:
I doubt more thou dost blame my dull Capacitie,
That though I trauaile true in my vocation,
I grow yet worse and worse at th'occupation.

---

73 *Of a bequest without a Legacy.*

IN hope some Lease or Legacie to gaine,
You gaue old *Titus* yearely ten pound pension.
Now he is dead, I heare thou dost complaine,
That in his will of thee he made no mention.
Cease this complaint that shewes thy base intention.
He left thee more, then some he lou'd more deerly,
For he hath left thee ten pound pension yeerly.

74 *Of one that lent money on sure hand.*

WHen *Lynus* little ſtore of coyne is ſpent,
And no ſupply of Office or of Rent,
He comes to *Titus* knowne a wary ſpender,
A pleaſant wit, but no great money-lender,
And preſt him very hard for twenty pound,
For which ſmall kindneſſe he were greatly bound,
And leſt (quoth he) you deeme it were preſumption,
If I ſhould offer you my bare aſſumption,
I ſweare All-hallows, I will make repayment,
Yea though I pawn mine Armour and my Rayment,
And for your more aſſurance you ſhall haue
What Obligation you your ſelfe will craue,
Or Bill or Bond your payment to performe,
Recognizance, Statute, or any forme.
Now *Titus* by report ſo well did know him,
That he might ſcant truſt him ſo farre as throw him,
And ſaid he ſhould haue ſo much at his hands
Forthwith, if he might poynt the forme and bands.
Agreed, quoth *Lynus* ſtraight, and doth him thanke.
But *Titus* brings a Foorme of foure Inch-Plancke,
Two of the Guard might ſcantly well it lift.
And ere that *Lynus* well perceiu'd the drift,
Faſt to that Forme he bindes him hands and feet:
Then brought the money forth and let him ſee't,
And ſware, till he his faſhions did reforme,
None other bands could ſerue, nor other forme.

75 Of light Merchandize.

IN Rome a Cryer had a Wench to sell,
Such as in common Stewes are wont to dwell,
Her name, nor his, I shall not needs to tell.
But having held her long at little price,
And thinking so some chapman to entice,
He clipt her in his armes as nothing nice,
And so he kist her more then once or twice.
What might he gaine, thinke you, by this deuice?
One that before had offered fifty shilling,
To giue one fift part, seemed now vnwilling.

76 Of father Peleus *stable.*

OLd *Peleus* burn'd a Stable to the ground, (poud:
Which now to build doth cost three hundred
That's but one Gennets price with him, no force,
A Stable? No: He did but lose a horse.

77 Of a censurer of English Writers.

THat Englishmen haue small or no inuention,
Old *Guillam* saith, and all our workes are barren,
But for the stuffe we get from Authors forren.
Why, *Guillam*, that same gold thou tak'st in pension,
Which makes thee loue our Realme more then your own
And follow still our English Court, & Campe.
Now that it hath our deareſt Soueraignes stampe,
Is English coine, though once 'twere *Indian* growne.

Except

Except not then 'gainſt Engliſh wits, I pray,
You that accept ſo well of Engliſh pay.

78 *Of* Titus *boaſting.*

A Kinde companion, *Titus*, all his daies,
And till his laſt, a pleaſant wit and tongue;
If he had heard a man his owne ſtrength praiſe,
Would tell what he would doe when he was yong.
And hauing, with oathes, his ſpeeches bound;
Thus would he ſpeak: I would at twelue ſcore pricks,
Haue ſhot all day an arrow of a pound,
Haue ſhot the flight full fortie ſcore and ſixe,
I would haue ouer-lifted all the Guard,
Out-throwne them at the barre, the ſledge, the ſtone,
And he that is in wreſtling held moſt hard,
I would in open plaine haue ouerthrowne.
Now, ſay ſome by, Was *Titus* ere ſo ſtrong?
Who he? the weakeſt man a hundred among.
Why tels he then ſuch lyes in ſerious ſort,
What he could doe? Nay, ſure 'twas true, though ſport:
He ſaid not he could doe. That were a fable.
He ſaid, He would haue done, had he beene able.

79 *To Doctor* Sheerhood, *how Sack makes one leane.*

I Marueld much laſt day, what you did meane,
To ſay that drinking Sack, will make one leane:

But

But now I ſee, and then miſtooke you cleane,
For my good neighbour *Marcus*, who I tro,
Feares fatneſſe much, this drinke hath plyde him ſo,
That now except he leane, he cannot goe.
Ha, gentle Doctor, now I ſee your meaning,
Sack wil not leaue one leane, 'twil leaue him leaning.

---

80 *Of ſwearing firſt betweene the wife and the Husband.*

CIs, by that Candle, in my ſleepe, I thought,
One told me of thy body thou wert nought:
Good husband, he that told you, lyde, ſhe ſed,
And ſwearing laid her hand vpon the bread,
Then eate the bread (quoth he) that I may deeme
That fancie falſe, that true to me did ſeeme.
Nay Sir, ſaid ſhe, the matter well to handle,
Sith you ſwore firſt, you firſt muſt eate the Candle.

---

81 *To his wife.*

BEcauſe I once in verſe did hap to call
Thee by this louing name, my deareſt *Mall*,
Thou think'ſt thy ſelfe aſſured by the ſame,
In future ages, I haue giu'n thee fame.
But if thou merit not ſuch name in veritie,
I meane not ſo to miſ-informe poſteritie.
For I can thus interpret if I will,
My deareſt *Mall*, that is, my coſtlieſt ill.

82 *To a pratling Epicure.*

IF thou loue dainty fare at others tables,
Thou muſt their humour and their houres endure:
Leaue arguments, controuling thwarts & brables,
Such freedome ſuites not with an Epicure.

83 *Of* Don Pedro.

THe wiſe *Vlyſſes* loathing forraine Iarres,
Fain'd himſelfe mad to keep him from the Wars:
But our *Don Pedro* ſeekes our Martiall ſchooles,
Preferres before wiſe cowards Martiall fooles.
And fearing faining mad will not ſuffice,
To ſtay him from the warres, faines himſelfe wiſe.

84 *To Maſter* Baſtard, *taxing him of flattery.*

IT was a ſaying vſ'd a great while ſince,
The ſubiects euer imitate the Prince;
A vertuous Maſter makes a good Diſciple,
Religious Prelates breed a godly people.
And euermore the Rulers inclination,
Workes in the time the workes and alteration.
Then what's the reaſon, *Baſtard*, why thy Rimes
Magnifie Magiſtrates, yet taunt the times?
I thinke that he to taunt the time that ſpares not,
Would touch the Magiſtrate, ſaue that he dares not.

Ouids

85 Ouids *confession translated into English for Generall* Norreys. 1593.

TO liue in Luſt I make not my profeſſion,
Nor in my Verſe, my vices to defend:
But rather by a true and plaine confeſſion,
To make men know my meaning is to mend,
I hate, and am my ſelfe moſt that I hate,
I load my ſelfe, yet ſtriue to be diſcharged,
Like ſtereleſſe ſhip vnſtai'd, runnes my eſtate,
Bound by ſelfe, I ſue to be enlarged.
No certaine ſhape, my fancies doth enflame:
A hundred cauſes kindle my affection,
If ſober looke doe ſhow a modeſt ſhame,
Straight to thoſe eyes my ſoule is in ſubiection.
A wanton looke, no leſſe my heart doth pierce;
Becauſe it ſhowes a pleaſant inclination.
If ſhe be coy, like *Sabine*, ſharpe and fierce,
I thinke ſuch coyneſſe, deepe diſſimulation.
If ſhe be learn'd, I honour gifts ſo rare,
If ignorant, I loue a milde ſimplicitie.
If ſhe doe praiſe my writings, and compare
Them with the beſt, in her I take felicitie.
If ſhe diſpraiſe my Verſes, and their Maker.
To win her liking, I my loue would lend her. (her:
Goes ſhe well grac't? Her gate would make me take
If ill, perhaps to touch a man, would mend her.
Is ſhe well tun'd in voice, a cunning ſinger?
To ſnatch a kiſſe, eu'n thus I feele a will.

Playes

Playes she on Lute with sweet and learned finger?
What heart can hate a hand so full of skill?
But if she know with heart her armes to moue,
And dance Carantoes with a comely grace,
T'omit my selfe that quickly fall in loue;
Hippolitus would haue *Priapus* place.
Like th'ancient *Heroyes* I count thee tall,
Me thinkes they fill a braue roome in the bed:
Yet comlier sports are found in statures small,
Thus long and short haue aye my liking bred.
If she goe plaine, then what a piece were this?
Were she attyr'd, if braue, I loue her bravery.
Faire, nut-browne, sallow, none doth looke amisse;
My wanton lustis thrall'd in so great slavery.
If hayre like let, her neck like Iuory couer,
Ledas was blacke, and that was *Ledas* glory.
With yellow lockes, *Aurora* pleas'd her louer.
Loe thus my fancie sute to euery story:
The Matron graue, the greene yong girle and pritty,
I like for age, for matters vnsuspicious,
In fine, to all in Countrey, Court and Citty,
My loue doth presse to proue it selfe ambitious.

86 *A witty speech of* Heywood *to the Queene.*

WHen old Queen *Mary* with much pain & languish,
Did on deaths bed in lingring sicknesse languish:
Old pleasant *Heywood* came her Grace to visite:
For mirth to such doth oft more good then Phisick.

Whom, when the ſickly Princeſſe had eſpyde,
Ah, *Heywood* I here they kill me vp, ſhe cryde:
For, being ſmother'd quite with too much heate,
Yet my Phyſitians proue to make me ſweate;
But it doth proue ſo painefull to procure it,
That firſt I'le die before I will endure it.
Heywood, with cheerefull face, but cheereleſſe ſoule,
Thus her bad reſolution did controule.
Sweet Lady, you muſt ſweat, or elſe I ſweare it,
We all ſhall ſweate for it, if you forbeare it.

---

87 *To my wife, from Cheſter.*

WHen I from thee, my deere, laſt day departed,
Summond by Honor to this Iriſh action,
Thy tender eyes ſhed teares; but I, hard-hearted,
Tooke from thoſe teares a ioy, and ſatisfaction.
Such for her Spouſe (thought I) was *Lucrece* ſadnes,
Whom to his ruine Tyrant *Tarquin* tempted.
So mourned ſhe, whoſe husband feined madnes,
Thereby from Trbian warres to ſtand exempted.
Thus then I doe reioyce in that thou grieueſt,
And yet, ſweet foole, I loue thee, thou beleeueſt.

---

88 *Againſt lying* Lynus.

I Wonder *Lynus* what thy tongue doth ayle,
That though I flatter thee, thou ſtill doſt raile?

Thou

Thou think'ſt, I lye, perhaps thou think'ſt moſt true:
Yet to ſo gentle lyes, pardon is due.
A lie, well told to ſome, taſtes ill reſtoritie;
Beſides, we Poets lie by good authoritie.
But were all lying Poetry, I know it,
Lynus would quickly proue a paſſing Poet.

89 *Of lending our Priny-ſeales.*

A Friend of mine, to me made mickle mone
About ſome moneyes lending in the lone;
Alledging, that to lend, were little griefe,
If of repayment men haue firme beleefe.
But other mens examples make vs dread,
To ſpeed as ſome in other times haue ſped.
For if one faile, who then will care for vs?
Now I, to comfort them, replyed thus,
While God preſerues the Prince, ne're be diſmayd,
But, if ſhe faile, be ſure we ſhall be payd.

90 *In defence of Lent.*

OVr belly-gods diſpraiſe the *Lenton* faſt,
And blame the lingring daies, and tedious time,
And ſweare this abſtinence too long doth laſt,
Whoſe folly I refute in this my rime;
Methuſalem, nine hundred yeares was fed
With nought but herbes, and berries of the field;

Iohn Baptist thirty yeares his life had led
With Locusts and wild Honey woods did yeeld.
He that the Israelites from Egypt brought,
Where they in slauish thraldome long did dwell,
He home to heau'n the fiery Chariot rought:
Yea, Christ himselfe, that saues vs all from Hell:
These three, as holy Scripture doth repeate,
In forty daies did neither drinke, nor eate.
Why then should we against this law repine,
That are permitted euery kind of Fish?
Are not forbidden the tastes of costly Wine,
Are not debard of many a dainty dish:
Both Sugar, Ginger, Pepper, Cloues and Mace,
And Sinnamon, and Spice of euery kind.
And Reysons, Figs, and Almonds in like case,
To please the taste, and satisfie the minde:
And yet forsooth, we thinke we should be marr'd,
If we from flesh but forty daies be barr'd.

---

91 *Malum bene positum ne moueas.*

A Iudge, to one well studyed in the Lawes,
That was too earnest in his Clyents cause,
Said, Stir't no more; for as the cause doth sinke
Into my sense, it seemeth like a stinke.

92 *To King* Dauid.

THou Princes Prophet, and of Prophets King;
Growne from poore Paſtorals, and Shepheards fold,
To change the ſheephooke to a Mace of gold,
Subduing ſword and ſpeare, with ſtaffe and ſling:
Thou that didſt quell the Beare and dreadfull Lyon,
With courage vnappal'd, and actiue lymmes;
Thou that didſt praiſe in it, indu'ring Himmes
With Poetry diuine the God of *Syon*;
Thou ſonne in law to King, and Prince appointed:
Yet, when that King by wrong did ſeeke thy harme,
Didſt helpe him with thy Harpe, and ſacred charme:
And taught, no not to touch the Lords Annointed.
Thou, that great Prince, with ſo rare gifts repleniſhed
Could'ſt not eſchew blind Buzzard *Cupids* hookes,
Lapt in the bayt of *Berſabees* ſweet lookes:
With which one fault, thy faultles life was blemiſhed.
Yet hence we learne a document moſt ample,
Our fleſh then ſtrongeſt is, when weak'ſt our faith.
And that the ſinne forgiuen, the penance ſtayeth;
Of Grace and Iuſtice both a ſweet example.
Let no man then himſelfe in ſinne imbolden
By thee, but thy ſharpe penance, bitter teares,
May ſtrike into our hearts ſuch godly feares,
As we may be thereby from ſinne with-holden.
Sith we, for ours, no iuſt excuſe can bring,
Thou hadſt one great excuſe, thou wert a King.

93 *Of Monsters. To my Lady Rogers.*

STrange-headed Monsters, Painters haue described
To which the Poets, strange parts haue ascribed,
As *Ianus* first two faces had assign'd him,
Of which, one look't before, t'other behind him:
So men, may it be found in many places,
That vnderneath one hood can beare two faces.
Three-headed *Cerberus*, Porter of Hell,
Is fain'd with *Pluto*, God of wealth to dwell.
So still with greatest States, and men of might,
Dogs dwell, that doe both fawne, and barke, & bite.
Like *Hydras* heads, that multiply with wounds,
Is multitude, that mutinie confounds:
On what seu'n-headed beast the Strumpet sits,
That weares the scarfe, sore troubleth many wits,
Whether seu'n sinnes be meant, or else seu'n hils,
It is a question fit for higher skils.
But then of these, if you can rightly conster,
A headlesse woman is a greater Monster.

94 *Of a pleasant Broker.*

A Broker that was hyr'd to sell a Farme,
Whose seat was very sound, fruitfull & warme,
Thinking to grace the sales-man with the tale,
Said thus: Friends, *Marius* sets this land to sale;

But

But thinke not this for debt or need to ſell;
For as for mony he is ſtor'd ſo well,
He hath at all times ready in his cheſt,
And ſome beſide, he hath at intereſt.
Then were the Chapmen earneſtly in hand,
To queſtion of the Title of the land:
Why ſhould one ſell, ſay they, that lets to vſe?
The Broker driu'n to ſeeke ſome new excuſe,
Did ſtudy firſt, and ſmiling thus replide,
His Worſhips beaſts, and ſheepe, and Hindes there dyde;
Since which he neuer could the place abide,
Now though in this the fooliſh Broker lyde,
Yet the reproach thereof did ſo much harme,
That now, poore *Marius* cannot ſell his Farme.

---

95 *To the Lady* Rogers.

TO praiſe my wife, your daughter (ſo I gather)
Your men ſay ſhe reſembleth moſt her father.
And I no leſſe, to praiſe your ſonne, her brother,
Affirme that he is too much like his mother.
I know not if we iudge aright, or erre:
But let him be like you, ſo I like her.

---

96 *To his wife, in excuſe he had called her foole in his writing.*

A Man in ſhow that ſcornes, in deed enuies
Thy feruent loue, and ſeeks the ſame to coole.

Findes fault, that in a Verſe I call'd thee Foole:
And that it could be kindly tane, denies.
But thou didſt kindly take it, then he lyes.
Well, therefore I wiſh him a wife moſt wiſe,
Nobly deſcended from great *De la Poole*;
Learn'd to ſet her husband ſtill to ſchoole,
So faire to draw to her all amorous eyes.
Let flattering tongues proteſt ſhe doth deſerue,
That great Commanders her ſhould ſue to ſerue:
Then let him walke, and with *Alleons* locke,
Amid the Herd, ſay, *Welcome, fellow Bucke.*
Meane while, my *Mal*, thinke thou 'rt honorable,
To be my Foole, and I to be thy Bable.

97 *Of the growth of Trees to Sir* H. Port.

AT your rich Orchard, you to me did ſhow,
How ſwift the Trees were planted there, did grow
Namely, an Elme, that in no long abode,
Did of a twigge, grow vp to be a loade.
But you would quite condemne your trees of ſloth,
Compar'd to our trees admirable growth.
Our planters haue found out ſuch ſecret skils,
With pipe and barrell-ſtaues, and iron Mils;
That Okes, for which none ten yeares ſince were willing
To giue ten groats, are growne worth thirty ſhilling.
At which I waxt ſo wood, I ſaid in rage,
That thirſt of Gold, makes this an Iron age.

98 *Againſt*

98 *Against promoting* Lynus.

THou, *Linus*, that loueſt ſtill to be promoting,
Becauſe I ſport about King *Henries* marriage:
Think'ſt this will proue a matter worth the carriage.
But let alone, *Lynus*, it is no booting,
While Princes liue, who ſpeakes, or writes & teaches
Againſt their faults, may pay for ſpeech, and writing;
But being dead, dead men they ſay leaue biting:
Their eyes are ſeal'd, their armes haue little reaches.
Children they are, and fooles that are afear'd,
To pull and play, with a dead Lyons beard.

99 *The ſtory of* Marcus *life at Primero.*

FOnd *Marcus* euer at *Primero* playes,
Long winter nights, and as long Summer dayes:
And I heard once, to idle talke attending,
The Story of his times, and coines miſ-pending.
As firſt, he thought himſelfe halfe way to heauen,
If in his hand he had but got a ſeu'n,
His fathers death ſet him ſo high on flote,
All reſts went vp vpon a ſeu'n, and coate.
But while he drawes for theſe gray coats & gownes,
The gameſters from his purſe drew all his crownes.
And he ne're ceaſt to venter all in prime,
Till of his age, quite was conſum'd, the prime.
Then he more warily, his reſt regards,

And

And sets with certainties vpon the Cards,
On sixe and thirtie, or on seu'n and nine,
If any set his rest, and saith, and mine:
But seld with this, he either gaines or saues,
For either *Faustus* prime is with three knaues,
Or *Marcus* neuer can encounter right,
Yet drew two Ases, and for further spight,
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred it auail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountring, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not till he nine and fortie is.
And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which sore troubled,
He ioynes now all his stocke, vnto his stake,
That of his fortune, he full proofe may make.
At last both eldest hand and siue and fifty,
He thinketh now or neuer (thriue vnthrifty.)
Now for the greatest rest he hath the push:
But *Craſſus* stopt a Club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
Poore *Marcus*, and his rest goes still to wracke.
Now must he seeke new spoile to set his rest,
For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, vnrest.
His land, his plate hee pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, to shift, he neuer ceases.
Till at the last, two Catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.
Now *Marcus* may set vp all rests securely:
For now he's sure to be encountred surely.

100 Lesbias *rule of praise.*

Lesbia, whom some thought a louely creature,
Doth sometimes praise some other womans fea-
Yet this I do obserue, that none she praises, (ture:
Whom worthy fame, by beauties merits praises.
But onely of their seemely parts she tels,
Whom she doth sure beleeue, her self excels.
So, *Linus* praises *Churchyard* in his censure,
Not *Sydney*, *Daniel*, *Constable*, nor *Spencer*.

101 *Another of Table-talke.*

AMong some Table-talke of little weight,
A friend of mine was askt by one great Lady:
What sonnes he had? My wife (saith he) hath eight.
Now fie, said she, 'tis an ill vse as may be,
I would you men would leaue these fond conditions,
T'enure on vertuous wiues such wrong suspitions,
Tush, said her Lord, you giue a causelesse blame,
The Gentleman hath wisely spoke, and well:
To reckon all his sonnes perhaps were shame,
His wiues sonnes therefore he doth onely tell.
Behold, how much it stands a man in steede,
To haue a friend answere in time of neede.

102 *Of old* Hayweods *ſonnes.*

OLd *Hayweods* ſons did wax ſo wild & youthfull,
It made their aged father ſad and wrathfull.
A friend one day, the elder did admoniſh
With threats, as did his courage halfe aſtoniſh,
How that except he would begin to thriue,
His Sire of all his goods would him depriue.
For whom, quoth he? Eu'n for your yonger brother.
Nay then, ſaid he, no feare, if 't be none other.
My brother's worſe then I, and till he mends,
I know, my father no ſuch wrong intends;
Sith both are bad, to ſhew ſo partiall wrath,
To giue his yonger vnthrift that he hath.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams: *The third Booke.*

1 *Yong* Haywoods *answere to my Lord of Warwicke.*

ONe neere of kinne to *Haywood* by his birth;
And no leſſe neere in name, and moſt in mirth,
Was once for his Religion ſake committed,
Whoſe caſe a Noble Peere ſo lately pitied:
He ſent to know what things with him were ſcant,
And offered frankely to ſupply his want.
Thankes to that Lord, ſaid he, that will me good,
For I want all things ſauing hay and wood.

2 *To the great Ladies of the Court.*

IHaue beene told, moſt Noble courtly Dames,
That ye commend ſome of my Epigrams:
But yet I heare againe, which makes me penſiue,
Some of them are, to ſome of you offenſiue.

Thoſe

Thoſe that you like, I'le giue, and aske no guerdon;
So that you grant thoſe you miſlike, you pardon.
Both are the fruitleſſe fruits of idle houres,
Theſe for my pleaſure reade, and thoſe for yours.

3 *Of a Lady that giues the cheeke.*

Is't for a grace, or is't for ſome diſleeke,
Where other kiſſe with lip, you giue the cheeke?
Some note that for a pride in your behauiour,
But I ſhould rather take it for a fauour,
For I to ſhow my kindneſſe, and my loue,
Would leaue both lip and cheek, to kiſſe your Gloue.
Now with the cauſe to make you plaine acquainted,
Your gloue's perfum'd, your lip & cheek are painted.

4 *Of* Balbus *a Poet.*

Balbus of Writers reckoning vp a Rable,
Thinks their names are by him made honorable:
And not vouchſafing me to name at all,
He thinkes that he hath greeu'd me to the gall.
I galled? Simple foole! nor yet gulled,
To thinke I may thee pray for ſuch a dull head.
Thoſe that are guilty of defect and blame,
Doe need ſuch teſtimonials of their fame.
Learn then vntaught, learn then you enuious elues,
Books are not praiſed, that do not praiſe themſelues.

5 *To* Leda.

IN Verſe, for want of Rime, I know not how,
I cal'd our Bathes the pilgrimage of Saints,
You *Leda* much the praiſe doe diſallow,
And thinke this touch your pure Religion taints.
Good *Leda* be not angry, for God knowes,
Though I did write of Saints, I meant of ſhrowes.

6 *To* Sextus, *an ill Reader.*

THat Epigram that laſt you did rehearſe,
Was ſharpe, and in the making, neat and tearſe,
But thou doſt reade ſo harſh, point ſo peruerſe,
It ſeemed now neither witty nor verſe.
For ſhame poynt better, and pronounce it clecrer,
Or be no Reader, *Sextus*, be a Hearer.

7 *Of Bathes cure vpon* Marcus.

THe fame of *Bathe* is great, and ſtill endures,
That oft it worketh admirable cures:
The barren by their vertue haue conceiu'd,
The weake and ſick, haue health & ſtrength receiu'd:
And many Cripples, that came thither carried,
Go ſound frō thence, when they a while haue tarried.
But yet one cure on *Marcus* lately ſhowne,
My Muſe doth thinke moſt worthy to be knowne;

For

For; while he bathes with Gascoyne wines & Spanish,
Thereby old āches from his lymmes to banish,
Hunts after youthfull company, entycing
Them to the sports of bowling, carding, dycing:
His wantonnesse breeds want, his want enforces
Marcus, by one and one, sell all his horses.
Lo, how the Bathe hath searcht his sicknes roote,
He can, nay more, he must goe thence afoote.

8 *Of a Lady that sought remedy at the Bathe.*

A Lady that none name, nor blame none hath;
Came the last yeare with others to the Bathe:
Her person comely was, good was her feature,
In beauty, grace and speech, a louely creature.
Now as the Lady in the water staid,
A plaine man fell a talking with her maid,
That lean'd vpon the rayle, and askt the reason,
Why that faire Lady vs'd the Bathe, that season?
Whether 'twere lamenesse, or defect in hearing,
Or some more inward euill, not appearing?
No, said the Maid to him, beleeue it well,
That my faire Mistris sound is as a Bell.
But of her comming, this is true occasion,
An old Physitian mou'd her by perswasion,
These Bathes haue power to strengthen that debility,
That doth in man or woman breed sterrility.

Tush,

Tush, said the man, with plaine and short discourse,
Your Mistris might haue tane a better course.
Let her to Oxford, to the Vniuersitie,
Where yong Physitians are, and such diuersitie
Of toward spirits that in all acts proceede,
Much fitter then the Bathe is for the deede.
No, no, that will not serue, the Maide replide,
For she, that Physicke hath already tride.

9 *To Sir* Morris Barkly.

YOur father gaue me once a Dormant warrant:
But sending at Saint *Iames*-tide to the keeper,
My men came backe as from a sleeueleſſe Arrant,
And in a boxe, I laid my warrant sleeper.
You Noble Sir, that are his heyre apparant,
Will giue henceforth, I hope, a waking Warrant.

10 *Of* Faustus *the Fault-finder.*

OF all my Verses, *Faustus* still complaines,
I write them careleſly; and why forsooth?
Because, he saith, they goe so plaine and smooth.
It showes that I for them ne're beat my braines.
I, that mens errors neuer loue to sooth,
Said, they that say so, may be thought but noddies,
For sample marke, said I, your Mistris bodies,
That sit so square, and smooth downe to heeraines.

That, that fine waſte, that wealth and wit doth waſte.
Thinke you her Taylor wrought it vp in haſte?
No: aske him, and hee'le ſay he tooke more paines
Then with old *Ellens* double-welted frock,
That ſits like an old felt on a new block.
Who cannot write, ill iudge of Writers vaines.
The worke of Taylers hands, and Writers wits,
Was hardeſt wrought, when as it ſmootheſt ſits.

---

11 *Of an ill Phyſitian for the body, that became a worſe Surgeon for the Soule.*

A Certaine Mountebanke, or paltry Leach,
Finding his Phyſick furdred not his thrift.
Thought with himſelfe to find ſome further drift.
And though the skill were farre aboue his reach,
He needs would proue a Prieſt, and falls to preach.
But patching Sermons with a ſorry ſhift,
As needs they muſt that ere they learne will teach:
At laſt, ſome foes ſo neerely doe him ſift,
And of ſuch words and deeds did him appeach,
As from his Liuing quite they did him lift,
And of the Patron ſtraight they beg'd the gift:
And ſo the Mountebanke did ouer-reach.
Who when he found he was purſu'd ſo ſwift,
Gaue place vnto ſo ſharpe and fierce a breach:
Shutting vp all with this ſhrewd muttering ſpeach,
Well, though, ſaid he, my Liuing I haue loſt,

Yet

Yet many a good mans life this losse shall cost.
A stander-by that would be thought officious,
Straight, as an heynous matter of complaint,
Doth with his speech the Iustices acquaint:
Alleaging, as it seem'd, indeed suspitious,
That to the State his meaning was pernitious.
The Leech thus touched with so shrewd a Taint,
Yet in his looke, nor answer did, nor faint;
Protesting, that his minde was not malicious.
But if the course that he must take be vicious,
He flat affirmed it was curst constraint:
For, of my Liuing hauing lost possession,
I must, said he, turne to my first profession;
In which I know too well, for want of skill,
My Medicines will many a good man kill.

---

12 *Of Sir* Philip Sydney.

IF that be true the latter Prouerbe sayes,
Laudari à laudatis is most praise;
Sydney, thy workes in *Fames* bookes are enrold
By Princes pennes, that haue thy works extold,
Whereby thy name shall dure to endlesse dayes.
But now, if rules of contrary should hold,
Then I, poore I, were drown'd in deepe dispraise;
Whose works, base Writers haue so much debased,
That *Lynus* dares pronounce them all defaced.

13 *Of impudent* Lynus.

NOt any learning *Lynus*, no, God knowes,
But thy brute boldneſſe made ſome to ſuppoſe,
That thou mightſt haue beene bred in *Brazen-noſe*.
A murren on thy pate, 'twould doe thee grace,
So were thine head ſo arm'd in euery place,
A Steele Scull, Copper Noſe, and Brazen Face.

14 *Againſt an vnthrifty* Lynus.

MAny men maruaile *Lynus* doth not thriue,
That had more trades then any man aliue;
As firſt, a Broker, then a Petty-fogger,
A Traueller, a Gamſter, and a Cogger,
A Coyner, a Promoter, and a Bawde,
A Spie, a Practiſer in euery fraude:
And miſſing thrift by theſe lewd trades & ſiniſter,
He takes the beſt, yet proues the worſt, a Miniſter.

15 *Of* Fauſtus.

IFinde in *Fauſtus* ſuch an alteration,
He giues to *Paulus* wondrous commendation:
Is *Paulus* late to him waxt friendly? No.
But ſure, poore *Fauſtus* faine would haue it ſo.

16 *Of a deuout Vsurer.*

A Merchant, hearing that great Preacher, *Smith*,
Preach against Vsury, that art of byting.
The Sermon done, embrac'd the man forth-with,
Vnto his bord most friendly him inuiting.
A friend of his, hoping some sweet aspersion
Of grace would moue him to some restitution;
Wisht him, in token of his full Conuersion,
Release some Debters, held in Execution.
Foole, said he, thinke you I'le leaue my Trade?
No; but I thinke this Preacher learn'd and painfull,
Because the more from it he doth perswade,
'Tis like to proue to me more sweet and gainefull.
Was euer Iew of Malta, or of Millain,
Then this most damned Iew, more Iewish villain?

17 *Of a reformed brother.*

IN studying Scriptures, hearing Sermons oft,
Thy minde is growne so plyable and soft,
That though none can attaine to true perfection,
Thy works come neere the words of their direction.
They counsell oft to fast, and euer pray,
Thou loues't oft to feast, and euer play:
Sackcloth and Cinders they aduise to vse,
Sack, Cloues, and Sugar, thou would'st haue to chuse:
They wish our works, and life, should shine like light,

Thy workes and all thy life is passing light,
They bid vs follow still the Apostles lore,
Apostata's thou follow'st euermore.
They bid refresh the poore with Almes-deeds,
Thou rauish dost the poore with all misdeedes.
They promist joyes eternall neuer wasting,
You merit noyes infernall euerlasting.

18 *Of Sheepe turned Wolues.*

VVHen hearts obdurate make of sin an habite,
High frowning *Nemesis* was wont to send
Beares, Lyons, Wolues, and Serpents, to this end,
To spoyle the coasts where so good folke inhabite.
Now since this age, in habite and in act,
Excels the sinnes of euery former age,
No maruaile *Nemesis* in her iust rage,
Doth like, or greater punishment exact.
And for this cause, a cruell beast is sent,
Not onely that deuoures and spoyles the people,
But spares not house, nor village, Church nor Steeple.
And makes poore widdows mourn, Orphants lamēt,
You muse (perhaps) what beasts they be that keepe,
Such beastly rule as seld was seene before!
'Tis neither Beare, nor Lyon, Bull, nor Bore:
But Beasts, then al these beasts, more harmeful sheep.
Loe then the mystery from whence the name
Of Cotsold Lyons first to England came.

19 *Of*

19 *Of* Lynus *borrowing.*

WHen *Lynus* meetes me, after ſalutations,
Court'ſies, & complements, and gratulations,
He preſſeth me, euen to the third denyall,
To lend him twenty ſhillings, or a royall,
But of his purpoſe, of his curt'ſie fayling,
He goes behind my backe, curſing and rayling.
Foole, thy kind ſpeeches coſt thee not a penny,
And more foole I, if they ſhould coſt me any.

20 *Of one Maſter* Careleſſe.

WHere dwels Mr. *Careleſſe?* Ieſters haue no dwelling.
Where lies he? in his tongue by moſt mens telling.
Where Bords he? there where feaſts are foũd by ſmel-
Where bites he? all behind, with all men yelling. (ling
Where bides the man? oh ſir, I miſt your ſpelling,
Now I will reade, yet well I doe not wot:
But if that I to him ſhall point his lot,
In Shot-ouer, at Dogs-head in the pot.
For in that ſigne his head oft ouer-ſhot.

21 *Againſt* Momus, *in praiſe of his dogge* Bungey.

BEcauſe a witty Writer of this time,
Doth make ſome mention in a pleaſant rime.

Of *Lepidus* and of his famous dogge.
Thou *Momus*, that doſt loue to ſcoffe and cogge,
Prat'ſt amongſt baſe companions and giu'ſt out,
That vnto me herein, is meant a ſlout.
Hate makes thee blinde, *Momus*, I dare be ſworne,
He meant to me his loue, to thee his ſcorne;
Put on thy enuious ſpectacles and ſee,
Whom doth he ſcorne therein, the dogge or me.
The Dogge is grac't, compared with great Bankes,
Both beaſts right famous, for their pretty prankes:
Although in this I grant, the Dogge was worſe,
He onely fed my pleaſure, not my purſe:
Yet that ſame Dogge, I may ſay this and boaſt it,
He found my purſe with gold when I haue loſt it.
Now for my ſelfe, ſome fooles, like thee, may iudge,
That at the name of *Lepidus* I grudge,
No ſure: ſo farre I thinke it from diſgrace,
I wiſht it cleare to me and to my race.
Lepus or *Lepos*, I in both haue part,
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But, *Momus*, I perſwade my ſelfe that no man,
Will deigne thee ſuch a name, Engliſh or Roman,
I'le wage a But of Sack, the beſt in Briſto,
Who cals me *Lepid*, I will call him *Triſto*.

22 *Of* Fauſtus.

NOw *Fauſtus* ſaith, long Epigrams are dull.
Lowt, Larks are lothſom whē ones panch is full.

Yet

Yet whom the ſhort doth pleaſe, the long not wea-
I wiſh them neuer weary, euer merry. (ry.

23 *Of Summum bonum.*

VVHile I of *ſummum bonum* was diſputing,
Propounding ſome poſitions, ſome confuting,
Old *Sextus* ſayes that we were all deluded,
And that not one of vs aright concluded.
Knowledge, ſaith he, is onely true felicity,
Straight wayes a ſtranger askt me in ſimplicity,
Is *Sextus* learned? No, quoth I, by this light,
Then without light, how iudgeth he ſo right?
He doth but ayme, as poore men value wealth,
The feeble value ſtrength, the ſicke man health.

24 *To Mall, to comfort her for the loſſe of her Children.*

VVHen at the window thou thy doues art feeding,
Then think I ſhortly my Doue will be breeding.
Like will loue like, and ſo my liking like thee,
As I to Doues in many things can like thee.
Both of you loue your Lodgings dry and warme,
Both of you doe your neighbours little harme:
Both loue to ſeede vpon the firmeſt graine,
Both for your liuings take but little paine,

Both

Both murmurre kindly, both are often billing,
Yet both to *Venus* sports will seeme vnwilling:
Both doe delight to looke your selues in Glasses,
You both loue your owne houses as it passes:
Both fruitfull are, but yet the Doue is wiser,
For, though she haue no friend that can aduise her,
She, patiently can take her yong ones losse,
Thou too impatiently dost beare such crosse.

25 *Of the excuse of Symony.*

CLerus, I heare, doth some excuse alledge
Of his, and other fellowes sacriledge:
As namely, that to some, against their wills,
That men are bound to take the lesse of ills;
That they had rather, no man need to doubt,
Take Liuings whole, then such as his without:
And therefore we must lay this haynous crime,
Not vnto them forsooth, but to the time.
Alas! a fault confest, were halfe amended,
But sinne is doubled that is thus defended.
I know, a right wise man sings and beleeues,
Where no Receiuers are, there be no Theeues.

26 *In commendation of Maſter* Lewkeners *ſixt deſcription of Venice. Dedicated to Lady* Warwicke. 1595.

LO, here's deſcrib'd, though but in little roome,
Faire Venice, like a Spouſe in *Neptunes* armes;
For freedome, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counſell much, and much for Armes:
Whoſe ſtories earſt written with Tuſcan quill,
Lay to our Engliſh wits, as halfe conceal'd,
Till *Lewkners* learned trauaile and his skill,
In well-grac'd ſtile and phraſe hath it reueal'd.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
England, be kind, enricht with ſuch a Booke,
Both giue due honor to that noble Dame,
For whom this taske the Writer vnder-tooke.

27 *Of one that gaue a Benefice.*

A Squire of good account, affirm'd he went,
A learned man a Liuing to preſent;
But yet this Squire, in this did breake no ſquare,
He purpoſed thereof to keepe a ſhare;
To ſet two ſonnes to ſchoole, to make them Clarks,
He doth reſerue each yeare an hundred markes.
Ah, ſaid the Prieſt, this card is too too cooling,
I ſet your ſonnes; nay, they ſet me to ſchooling.

28 *Of* Fauſtus *fiſhing.*

WIth ſiluer hooke *Fauſtus* for fleſh was fiſhing,
But that game byting not vnto his wiſhing,
He ſaid, he did (being thus ſhrewdly matcht)
Fiſh for a Roach, but had a Gudgen catcht.
Fauſtus, it ſeemes thy lucke therein was great,
For ſure the Gudgen is the better meate.
Now bayt againe, that game is ſet ſo ſharpe,
That to that Gudgen, thou mayſt catch a Carpe.

29 *To his friend. Of his Booke of* Aiax.

YOu muſe to finde in me ſuch alteration,
That I, that maydenly to write was wont,
Would now ſet to a Booke ſo deſperate front,
As I might ſcant defend by incitation.
My Muſe that time did need a ſtrong Purgation,
Late hauing tane ſome bruiſe by lewd reports;
And whē the Phyſick wrought, you know the faſhion
Whereto a man in ſuch a caſe reſorts:
And ſo my Muſe, with good *decorum* ſpent
On that baſe titled Booke, her excrement.

30 *Of a Seller of Time.*

WHen of your Lordſhip I a Leaſe renew'd,
You promis'd me before we did conclude,
To

To giue me time, namely, twice twelue months day,
For ſuch a Fine as I agreed to pay.
I bade a hundred pound, 'twas worth no more,
Your Lordſhip ſet it higher by a ſcore.
Now, ſince I haue by computation found,
That two yeeres day coſt me this twenty pound.
Sir, pardon me, to be thus plainely told it, (it.
Your Lordſhip gaue not two yeares day, you ſold

---

31 *Of the Earle of Eſſex.*

GReat *Eſſex*, now of late incurred hath
His Miſtris indignation and her wrath:
And that in him ſhe chiefly diſſalow'th,
She ſent him North, he bent him to the South:
Then what ſhall *Eſſex* do? Let him henceforth,
Bend all his wits, his power and courage North.

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32 *Of himſelfe.*

BEcauſe in this my ſelfe-contenting vaine,
To write ſo many Toyes I borrow leaſure,
Friends ſorrow, fearing I take too much paine,
Foes enuy, ſwearing, I take too much pleaſure.
I ſmile at both, and wiſh, to eaſe their griefes,
That each with other would but change reliefes.

30 *To Doctor* Sherwood *of Bathe.*

BEcauſe among ſome other idle glances,
I, of the Bathe ſay ſometimes, as it chances,
That this an onely place is in this age,
To which faire Ladies come in pilgrimage.
You feare ſuch wanton gleekes, and ill report
May ſtop great States that thither would reſort.
No, neuer feare it, pray but for faire weather:
Such ſpeech as this, will bring them faſter thither.

51 *Of* Marcus *courteſie.*

WHen I ſome little purchaſe haue in hand,
Straight *Marcus* offers me his band.
I tell him, and he takes it in great ſnaffe,
His is a falling Band, I weare a Ruffe.
But if you maruaile I his helpe refuſe,
I meane herein ſome meaner man to vſe:
The cauſe is this, I meane, within a weeke,
That he of me like courteſie will ſeeke.

32 *Of one that had a blacke head, and a gray Beard.*

THough many ſearch, yet few the cauſe can finde,
Why thy beard gray, thy head continues blacke:
Some

Some thinke thy Beard more ſubiect to the winde,
Some think that thou doſt vſe that new found knack,
Excuſable to ſuch as hayre doe lacke:
A quaint Gregorian to thy head to binde.
Some thinke that with a combe of droſſie Lead.
Thy ſiluer locks doe turne to colour darke:
Some thinke it is the nature of thy head:
But we thinke moſt of theſe haue miſt the marke.
For this thinke we, that thinke we thinke aright,
Thy beard and yeares are graue, thy head is light.

33 *Againſt an old Letcher.*

SInce thy third carriage of the French infection,
Priapus hath in thee found no erection:
Yet eat'ſt thou Ringoes, and Potato Rootes,
And Gaueare, but it little bootes.
Beſides at thy beds-head's a bottle lately found,
Of liquor that a quart coſt twenty pound.
For ſhame, if not more grace, yet ſhew more wit,
Surceaſe, now ſinne leaues thee, to follow it.
Some ſmile, I ſigh, to ſee thy madneſſe ſuch,
That that which ſtands not, ſtands thee in ſo much.

34 *To his Wiues Mother, reproouing her vnconſtancie.*

LAſt yeere while I at your houſe I hapt to tarry,
Of all your goods, you tooke an Inuentory:

Your

Your Tapistry, your linnen, bedding, plate,
Your sheepe, your horse, your cattle, you did rate:
And yet one moueable you did forget,
More moueable then this, therein to set. (able,
Your wauering minde, I meane, which is so moue-
That you for it, haue euer beene reproueable.

35 *Of a Cuckold that had a chaste Wife.*

WHen those Triumvers set that three mans song,
Which stablished in Rome that hellish Trinity
That all the towne, and all the world did wrong,
Killing their friends, and kinne of their affinity,
By tripartite Indenture, parting Rome,
As if the world for them had wanted roome.
Plotyna, wife of one of that same hundred,
Whom *Anthony* prescrib'd to lose their life,
For beauty much, for loue to be more wondred,
Su'd for her Spouse, and told she was his wife.
The Tyrant pleasant to see so faire a suter,
Doth kisse her, and imbrace her, and salute her.
Then makes, nay mockes, a loue too kinde, too cruell:
She must to saue her husband from proscription,
Grant him one night, her husbands chiefest Iewell;
And what he meant, he shewd by lewd description:
Vowing, except he might his pleasure haue,
No meanes would serue, her husbands life to saue.
Oh motion! louing thoghts, no thoghts, but thorns,
Either he dies, whom she esteemes most dearly:

Or

Or ſhe her ſelfe ſubiect to thouſand ſcornes.
Both feares doe touch a Noble Matron neerely.
Loe, yet an act, performed by this woman,
Worthy a woman, worthy more a Romane:
To ſhow, more then her ſelfe, ſhe lou'd her Spouſe,
She yeelds her body to this execution.
Come, Tyrant, come, performe thy damned vowes,
Her ſingle heart hath doubled thy pollution.
Thou pollute her? No, foole, thou art beguiled:
She in thy filthy lap lies vndefiled.
Honour of Matrons, of all wiues a mirror!
I'le ſweare with thee, thy husband weares no horne.
Or if this act, conuince mine oath of error,
'Twas a moſt precious one, an Vnicorne.
If ought I know by learning or by reading,
This act *Lucretia's* deed is farre exceeding.

36 *Of the Lady that lookt well to her border.*

A Lady of great Birth, great reputation,
Cloathed in ſeemly, & moſt ſumptuous faſhion:
Wearing a border of rich Pearle and Stone,
Eſteemed at a thouſand crownes alone,
To ſee a certaine Interlude, repaires,
Through a great preaſe, vp a darke paire of ſtaires.
Her Page did beare a Torch that burnt but dimly.
Two cozening mates, ſeeing her deckt ſo trimly,
Did place themſelues vpon the ſtayres to watch her,

And thus they laid their plot to cunny-catch her:
One should as 'twere by chance strike out the light;
While th'other that should stand beneath her, might
Attempt (which modestie to suffer lothes)
Rudely to thrust his hands vnder her cloathes,
That while her hands repel'd such grosse disorders,
His mate might quickly slip away the borders.
Now though this act to her was most displeasant,
Yet being wise (as womens wits are present:)
Straight on her borders both her hands she cast,
And with all her force she held them fast.
Villaines, she cryde, you would my borders haue;
But I'le saue them, t'other it selfe can saue:
Thus, while the Page had got more store of light,
The coozening mates, for feare slipt out of sight.
Thus, her good wit, their cunning ouer-matcht,
Were not these conycatchers conycatcht?

37 *The Hermaphrodite.*

VVHen first my mother bore me in her wombe,
She went to make inquirie of the gods,
First of my birth, and after of my tombe.
All answer'd true, yet all their words had ods.
Phœbus affirm'd, a Male childe should be borne:
Mars said it would be Female, *Iuno* neither:
But I came forth, alas, to natures scorne,
Hermaphrodite, as much as both together.
Then for my death, *Iuno* foretold the sword:

Phœbus

Phœbus assign'd me drowning for my fate,
Mars threatned hanging, each perform'd their word;
As note how well prou'd true in seuerall rate.
A Tree fast by a brooke I needs would clime,
My sword slipt out, and while no heed I tooke,
My side fell on the point, and at that same time,
My foote in boughs, my head hang'd in the brooke:
That I thus borne a Male, a Female, neither,
Dyde, drown'd, & hang'd, & wounded all together.

38 *Of a sickneſſe grew with a Tobacco-pipe.*

VNto a gentle Gentlewomans chamber,
Her Pedler came, her husband being thence,
To sell fine linnen, Lawnes, and Muske and Amber.
She franke of fauours, sparing of expence,
So bargain'd with him ere he parted thence,
That for ten Ells of Holland, fiue of Lawne,
To grant dishoneſt pleasures, she was drawne.
Next day the man repenting of his coſt,
Did studie meanes, to get him resolution:
Or to be paid for that he there had loſt,
And thus he puts his thoughts in execution:
He turnes to her with setled resolution,
And in her husbands presence vnawares,
He asketh fifty shillings for his wares.
Her husband ignorant what cauſe had bred it,
Why wife, said he, haue you so spent your store,
You muſt with petty chapmen runne on credit?

Now for my Honours ſake, doe ſo no more.
No Sir (quoth ſhe) I meant it to reſtore.
I tooke it of him onely for a tryall,
And finde it too high priſed by a Royall.
Thus neuer changing countenance, ſhe doth riſe,
With outward ſilence, inward anger choking.
And going to her cloſet, ſhe eſpies
Tobacco in a pype, yet newly ſmoking,
She takes the pype her malice her prouoking,
And laps it in his linnen, comming backe,
And ſo the Pedler put it in his packe,
And packes away, and ioyes that with this wyle,
He had regain'd the ſtuffe, yet gayn'd his pleaſure.
But hauing walked ſcarcely halfe a mile,
His packe did ſmoke, and ſmell ſo out of meaſure,
That opening it vnto his great diſpleaſure,
He found by that *Tobacco* pype too late,
The fiery force of feeble female hate.
And ſeeking then ſome remedy by Lawes,
Vnto a neighbour Iuſtice he complaines:
But when the Iuſtice vnderſtood the cauſe,
In her examination taking paines,
And found 'twas but a fetch of womens braines:
The cauſe diſmiſt, he bids the man beware,
To deale with women that could burne his ware.

39 *A good answere of a Gentlewoman to a Lawyer.*

A Vertuous Dame, that saw a Lawyer rome
Abroad, reprou'd his stay so long from home:
And said to him, that in his absence thence,
His wife might want her due benevolence.
But he straight quit himselfe of such disgrace,
Answer'd it thus, with putting off a case.
One owes a hundred pounds, now tell me whether
Is best? To haue his paiment all together:
Or take it by a shilling, and a shilling,
Whereby the bagge should be the longer filling?
Sure, said the Dame, I grant 'twere little losse,
If one receiu'd such paiments all in grosse.
Yet in your absence this may breed your sorrow,
To heare your wife for want might twelue pence (borrow.

40 *Of one that tooke thought for his wife.*

NO sooner *Cynnas* wife was dead and buried,
But that with mourning much and sorrows wea-
A Maid, a seruant of his wiues, he wedded, (ried,
And after he had boorded her, and bedded.
And in her Mistris roome had fully plast her,
His wiues old seruant waxed his new Master.

41 *Sir* Iohn Raynsfords *choice of a man.*

Rainsford, whose acts were many times outragious
Had speciall care to haue his men couragious:
A certaine friend of his one day began,
Vnto his seruice to commend a man,
One well approu'd, he said, in many iarres,
Whereof in head, armes, hands, remain'd the skarres.
The Knight the man, his markes and manners view'd,
And flat refusing him, did thus conclude:
This is no man for me, but I suppose,
He is a tall fellow that gaue him all these blowes.

42 *Of* Linus *and his Mistris.*

CHaste *Linus*, but as valiant as a Gander,
Came to me yer, in friendly sort as may be:
Lamenting that I raisd on him a slander,
Namely, that he should keepe a gallant Lady.
Begge me (said I) if I proue such a babie,
To let my tongue, so false and idly wander.
Who sayes that you keepe her, lies in his throate,
But she keepes you, that all the world may note.

43 *In praise of a Lady and her Musicke.*

VPon an instrument of pleasing sound
A Lady playd More pleasing to the sight.
I being askt in which of these I found
Greatest content, my senses to delight?
Ravisht in both at once, as much as may be,
Said, Sweet was Musicke, sweeter was the Lady.

44 *Of Riding-rimes.*

FAire *Leda* reads our Poetry sometimes,
But saith she cannot like our Ryding-rimes;
Affirming that the Cadens falleth sweeter,
When as the Verse is plac'd betweene the Meeter.
Well, *Leda*, leave henceforth this quarrell-picking,
And sith that one between is to your liking,
You shall have one betweene; yet some suppose,
Leda hath lou'd both Riding-rime, and Prose.

45 *Of devout Parents and Children.*

A Husband and wife oft disagreeing,
And either weary of the other, being
In choller great, either devoutly prayes
To God, that he will shorten th'others daies:
But more devout then both, their sonne and heire
Praies God that he will grant thē both their pray'r.

45 *In commendation of two valiant Scottish Knights, that defended their King from the Earle* Gowry: *Sir* Thomas Erskin, *Sir* Iohn Ramsey.

THe Persian Monarch, who by faithfull spyall
Was safe preseru'd frō slaues intended slaughter,
By him whose Cousin and adopted daughter
Vnwares he did endow with scepter royall;
When reading in his bed a good while after,
He found in true records that seruice loyall,
Then with most gratefull minde to make requitall,
And to increase *Mordoches* great renowne,
Vpon his head (such was their vse that season)
He caused to be set his royall Crowne.
But greater should be your reward in reason;
He but reueal'd, but you reuēg'd a Treason.

47 *In praise of the Countesse of Darby, married to the Lord Chauncellor.*

THis noble Countesse liued many yeeres
With Darby, one of Englands greatest Peeres;
Fruitfull and faire, and of so cleere a name,
That all this Region maruel'd at her fame.
But this braue Peere, extinct by hastned Fate,
Snee slay'd (ah too too long) in widdowes state:

And

And in that ſtate, tóoke ſo ſweet State vpon her,
All eares, eyes, tongues, heard, ſaw, & told her honor:
Yet finding this a ſaying full of veritie,
'Tis hard to haue a Patent of proſperitie,
Shee found her wiſeſt way and ſafe to deale,
Was to conſort with him that keept the Seale.

48 *Of* Coſmus, *that will keepe a good houſe hereafter.*

OLd *Coſmus* to his friends thus out doth giue,
After a while, he like a Lord will liue.
After a while, he'le end all troublous ſuits,
After a while, retaine ſome men of quality,
After a while, of riches reape the fruits:
After a while, keepe houſe in ſome formality,
After a while, finiſh his beauteous building,
After a while, leaue off his buſie buying:
Yet all the while he liues but like a hilding,
His head growes gray with freſh vexations toyling.
Well *Coſmus*, I beleeue your heyre doth ſmile,
To thinke what you will doe after a while:
For ſure, the Prouerbe is more true then ciuill,
Bleſt is the ſonne whoſe Sire goes to the Diuell.

49 *Of neate* Galla.

THe pride of *Galla* now is growne ſo great,
She ſeekes to be ſurnam'd *Galla* the neat,

But

But who her merits ſhall, and manners ſcan,
May thinke the terme is due to her good man.
Aske you, Which way? Me thinkes your wits are dull:
My Shoomaker reſolue you can at full,
Neats Leather is both Oxe-hide, Cow, and Bull.

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50 *Of reuerſing an errour.*

I Did you wrong, at leaſt you did ſuppoſe,
For taxing certaine faults of yours in Proſe:
But now I haue the ſame in Ryme reherſt,
My error, nay your error is reuerſt.

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51 *Of good Sauce.*

I Went to ſuppe with *Cinna* t'other night,
And to ſay true (for giue the diuell his right)
Though ſcant of meat we could a morſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſauce we met.
You aske what ſauce, where pittance was ſo ſmall?
This, Is not hunger the beſt ſauce of all?

---

52 *Of a ſlander.*

ON *Lesbia*, *Lynus* raiſed had a ſlander,
For which whē as ſhe thought to take an actiō,
Yet

Yet by request she tooke this satisfaction,
That being drunke, his tongue did idly wander:
Came this from *Viderit utilitas*?
Or else from this, *In Vino veritas*?

53 *Of a Lady early vp.*

Lesbya, that wonted was to sleepe till noone,
This other morning stirring was at fiue:
What did she meane thinke you to rise so soone?
I doubt we shall not haue her long aliue.
Yes, neuer feare it, there is no such danger,
It seemes vnto her course you be a stranger:
For why, at dancing, banquetting and play,
And at Carowsing many a costly cup,
She sate the night before, vntill 'twas day,
And by that meane, you found her early vp.
Oh, was it so? why then the case is cleere,
That she was earely vp, and ne're the neere.

The end of the third Booke.

Sir

Sir IOHN HARRINGTONS Epigrams: *The fourth Booke.*

(***)

1 *To an ill Reader.*

THe verſes, *Sextus*, thou dooſt reade, are mine;
But with bad reading thou wilt make them thine.

2 *In lectorem invidum.*

WHo reades our verſe, with viſage ſowre & grim.
I wiſh him enuy me, none enuy him.

3 *Of Table-friends.*

YOu thinke his faith is firme, his friendſhip ſtable,
Whoſe firſt acquaintance grew but at your Table:
He loues your venſon, ſnytes, quailes, larkes, not you:
Make me ſuch fare, and take my friendſhip too.

4 *The*

4 The Author to his wife, of partition.

SOme Ladies with their Lords diuide their ſtate,
And liue ſo when they liſt at ſeuerall rate;
But I'le endure thee, *Mall*, on no condition,
To ſue with me a writ of ſuch partition.
Twice ſeuen yeares ſince, moſt ſolemnly I vow'd,
With all my worldly goods I thee endow'd,
Then houſe, plate, ſtuffe, not part, but all is thine:
Yet ſo, that thou, and they, and all are mine.
Then let me goe, and ſue my writ of dotage,
If I with thee part houſe, or cloſe, or cottage.
For, where this is my Lords, and that my Ladies,
There ſome perhaps, think likewiſe of their babies.

5 Of Treaſon.

TReaſon doth neuer proſper, what's the reaſon?
For if it proſper, none dare call it Treaſon.

6 Of the warres in Ireland.

IPrays'd the ſpeech, but cannot now abide it,
That warre is ſweet, to thoſe that haue not try'd it:
For I haue prou'd it now, and plainely ſee't,
It is ſo ſweet, it maketh all things ſweet.

At

At home Canarie wines and Greeke grow lothſome:
Here milke is Nectar, water taſteth toothſome.
There without bak't, roſt, boyl'd, it is no cheere.
Bisket we like, and Bonny Clabo heere.
There we complaine of one reare roſted chicke:
Heere meat, worſe cookt, ne're makes vs ſicke.
At home in ſilken ſparuers, beds of Downe,
We ſcant can reſt, but ſtill toſſe vp and downe:
Here we can ſleepe, a ſaddle to our pillow,
A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow.
There if a childe but cry, oh what a ſpite!
Heere we can brooke three larums in one night.
There homely roomes muſt be perfum'd with Roſes:
Here match and powder n're offends our noſes.
There from a ſtorme of raine we runne like Pullets:
Heere we ſtand faſt againſt a ſhowre of bullets.
Loe then how greatly their opinions erre,
That thinke there is no great delight in warre:
But yet for this (ſweet warre) I'le be thy debter,
I ſhall for euer loue my home the better.

---

7 *Of women learned in the tongues.*

YOu wiſht me to a wife, faire, rich and yong,
That had the Latine, French and Spaniſh tongue.
I thank't, and told you I deſir'd none ſuch,
And ſaid, One Language may be tongue too much.
Then loue I not the learned? yes as my life;
A learned Miſtris, not a learned wife.

8 *The Author to his wife, of the twelue Signes, how they generne.*

MArke here (my *Mall*) how in this dozen lines,
Thus placed are the twelue celeſtiall Signes.
And firſt, the *Ram* beares rule in head and face,
The ſtiffe-neckt *Bull* in neck doth hold his place,
And *Twins*, mine armes and hands do both imbrace.
Then *Cancer* keepes the ſmall ribbes and the breſt,
And *Leo*, back and heart hath aye poſſeſt.
Then *Virgo* claimes the entrailes and the panch,
Libra the nauell, reynes, and either hanch.
Scorpio pretends power in the priuy parts,
Both thighes are pierſt with *Sagittaries* darts.
Then *Capricorne* to knees his force doth ſend,
Aquarius doth to legges his vertue lend.
Piſces beneath vnto the feet diſcend.
Thus each part is poſſeſt; now tell me, *Mall*,
Where lies thy part? in which of theſe? In all.
In all? content. Yet ſure thou art more iealous
Of *Leo's* part and *Scorpio's*, then their fellowes.

9 *Againſt Swearing.*

IN elder times an ancient cuſtome was,
To ſweare in weighty matters by the Maſſe.
But when the Maſſe went downe (as old men note)
They ſware then by the croſſe of this ſame grote.

And

And when the Crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then by their faith, the common oath was sworne.
Last, hauing sworne away all faith and troth,
Onely God damne them is their common oath.
Thus customs kept *decorum* by gradation, (tion,
That losing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find damna-

10 *Of little Pitty.*

WHen noble *Essex*, *Blount*, and *Danuers* died,
One saw them suffer, that had heard them tried:
And sighing said, When such braue souldiers dye,
Is't not great pitty, thinke you? No, said I:
There is no man of sense in all the citie,
Will say, 'Tis great, but rather little pitie.

11 *Of a Booke called the Gentle-Craft.*

IPast this other day through *Pauls* Church-yard,
I heard some reade a booke, and reading laught,
The title of the booke was Gentle Craft.
But when I markt the matter with regard,
A new-sprung branch that in my minde did graft,
And thus I said, Sirs, scorne not him that writ it:
A gilded blade hath oft a doggeon haft,
And well I see, this Writer loues a shaft
Neere fairest marke, yet happily not hit it.
For neuer was there like bookes sold in Poules,
If so with Gentle Craft it could perswade

Great Princes midst their pompe to learne a trade,
Once in their liues to worke, to mend their soules.

12 *Of the games that haue beene in request at the Court.*

I Heard one make a pretty obseruation,
How games haue in the Court turn'd with the fashion.
The first game was the best, when free from crime,
The Courtly gamesters all were in their prime:
The second game was Post, vntill with posting
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leaue their boasting.
Then thirdly follow'd heauing of the Maw,
A game without Ciuility or Law,
An odious play, and yet in Court oft seene,
A sawcy knaue to trump both King and Queene.
Then follow'd Lodam, hand to hand or quarter,
At which some maids so ill did keepe the Quarter,
That vnexpected, in a short abode
They could not cleanly beare away their load.
Now Noddy follow'd next, as well it might,
Although it should haue gone before of right:
At which I saw, I name not any body,
One neuer had the knaue, yet laid for Noddy.
The last game now in vse is Bankerupt,
Which will be plaid at still, I stand in doubt,
Vntill *Lanolta* turne the wheele of time,
And make it come about againe to Prime.

13 *The Author to Queene* Elizabeth, *in praise of her reading.*

FOr euer deere, for euer dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounst each word, and euery letter,
Your Gracious reading, grac'd my verse the better.
Sith then your Highnes doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you reade, the better in your reading;
Let my poore Muse your paines thus far importune,
To leaue to reade my verse, and reade my fortune.

14 *Of King* Henries *wooing.*

VNto a stately great Outlandish Dame,
A Messenger from our King *Henry* came,
(*Henry* of famous memory, the eight)
To treat with her in matter of great weight;
As namely how the King did seeke her marriage,
Because of her great vertue and good carriage.
She (that had heard the King lou'd change of pasture,
Repli'd, I humbly thanke the King your Matter,
And would, (such loue in me his fame hath bred,)
My body venter so, but not my head.

15 *Two witty answers of Bishop* Bonner.

BOnner, that late had Bishop beene of London,
Was bid by one, *Good morrow Bishop quondam:*
He with the scoffe no whit put out of temper,
Reply'd incontinent, *Adieu knane semper.*
Another in such kinde of scoffing speeches,
Would beg his tippet, needs, to line his breeches.
Not so, (quoth he) but it may be thy hap,
To haue a foolish head to line thy cap.

16 *Of* Lynus *borrowing.*

LYnus came late to me, sixe crownes to borrow,
And sware God damne him, hee'd repai't to mor-(row.
I knew his word, as currant as his band,
And straight I gaue to him three crownes in hand;
This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gain'd, and I sau'd fifteene shilling.

17 *A good answere of the Poet* Dant *to an Atheist.*

THe pleasant learn'd *Italian Poet Dant*,
Hearing an Atheist at the Scriptures iest:
Askt him in iest, which was the greatest beast?
He simply said; he thought an Elephant.

Then

Then *Elephant* (quoth *Dant*) it were commodious,
That thou wouldſt hold thy peace, or get thee hence,
Breeding our Conſcience ſcandall and offence
With thy prophan'd ſpeech, moſt vile and odious.
Oh Italy, thou breedſt but few ſuch *Dants*,
I would our England bred no Elephants.

18 *Of* Quintus *almes.*

WHen *Quintus* walketh out into the ſtreete,
As ſoone as with ſome beggar he doth meete,
Ere that poore ſoule to aske his almes hath leaſure,
He firſt doth chafe and ſweare beyond all meaſure,
And for the Beadle all about he ſends,
To beare him to *Bridewell*, ſo he pretends.
The beggar quickly out of ſight doth goe,
Full glad in heart he hath eſcaped ſo.
Then *Quintus* laughes, & thinks it is leſſe charges,
To ſweare an oath or two, then giue a larges.

19 *Of* Marcus *his drunken feaſting.*

WHen *Marcus* makes (as oft he doth) a feaſt,
The Wine ſtill coſts him more then all the reſt.
Were water in this towne as deare as hay,
His horſes ſhould not long at liuery ſtay.
But tell me, is't not a moſt fooliſh tricke,
To drinke to others healths till thou be ſicke?
Yet ſuch the faſhion is of *Bacchus* crue,
To quaffe and bowze, vntill they belch and ſpue.

Well, leaue it, *Marcus*, elſe thy drinking health,
Will proue an eating to thy wit and wealth.

---

20 *A good ieſt of a Crow.*

A Baron and a Knight, one day walking
On Richmond green, & as they were in talking,
A Crow, that lighted on the raile by Fortune,
Stood becking, and cry'd *kaw* with noiſe importune.
This bird, the Baron ſaid, doth you ſalute,
Sir Knight, as if to you he had ſome ſute,
Not vnto me, the Knight reply'd in pleaſance,
'Tis to ſome Lord he makes ſo low obeyſance.

---

21 *Of kiſſing the foote.*

A Courtier, kinde in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his fault could be no longer hidden,
Went to his friend to cleere his hard ſuſpition,
And fearing leſt he might be more then chidden,
Fell to a flattering and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foote, if he were bidden.
My foote? (ſaid he) that were too too ſubmiſſe,
But three foote higher you deſerue to kiſſe,

22 *Of a ſaucy Cater.*

A Cater had of late ſome wilde-fowle bought,
And when vnto his Maſter them he brought,
Forthwith the Maſter ſmelling nigh the rump,
Said, out thou knaue, theſe ſauour of the pump.
The man (that was a rude and ſawcy Lout)
What Sir, ſaid he, ſmell you them thereabout?
Smell your faire Lady there, and by your ſauour,
Your fortune may meete with a fulſome ſauour.

23 *Of a certaine Man.*

THere was (not certain when) a certaine preacher,
That neuer learn'd, and yet became a Teacher,
Who hauing read in Latine thus a Text
Of *erat quidam homo*, much perplext,
He ſeem'd the ſame with ſtudy great to ſcan
In Engliſh thus; *There was a certaine man.*
But now (quoth he) good people, note you this,
He ſaith there was, he doth not ſay there is:
For in theſe daies of ours, it is moſt certaine,
Of promiſe, oath, word, deed, no man is certaine;
Yet by my Text you ſee it comes to paſſe,
That ſurely once a certaine man there was.
But yet I thinke, in all your Bible no man
Can finde this Text; *there was a certaine woman.*

24 Of Lesbia.

OLd widdow *Lesbia*, after husbands fiue,
Yet feeleth *Cupids* flames in her reuiue,
And now she takes a gallant youth and trim.
Alas for her; nay, nay, alas for him.

25 *The horne Cinque-apace.*

WHo wishes, hopes, and thinkes, his wife is true,
To him one horne, or vnicorne is due.
Who sees his wife play false, and will not spy it,
He hath two hornes, and yet he may deny it.
The man that can endure when all men scorne,
And pardon open faults, hath treble horne;
Who brings fine Courtiers oft to see his Bride,
He hath one paire of hornes on either side.
But he that sweares he did so happy wiue
He can be none of these, let him haue fiue.

26 *Of cursing Cuckolds.*

A Lord that talked late in way of scorne,
Of some that ware inuisibly the horne,
Said he could wish, and did (as for his part)
All Cuckolds in the Thames with all his heart.
But straight a pleasant Knight reply'd to him,
I hope your Lordship learned hath to swimme,

27. *Of the pillars of the Church.*

IN old time, they were the Churches pillars,
That did excell in learning and in piety,
And were to youths examples of sobriety:
Of Christs faire field the true and painefull tillers,
But where are now the men of that society?
Are all those Tillers dead? those Pillars broken?
No, God forbid such blasphemy be spoken.
I say, to stop the mouthes of all ill-willers,
Gods field hath Harrowers still, his Church hath (Pillars.

28 *Of Exchange.*

OLd *Caius* sold a wench, to buy a barke,
Yong *Titus* gaue the ship to haue the slut.
Who makes the better mart, now let vs marke,
Th'one loues to roue, the t'other goes to rut.

29 *Of* Lesbias *kissing craft.*

LEsbia with study found a meanes in th'end,
In presence of her Lord to kisse her friend,
Each of them kist by turnes a little Whelpe,
Transporting kisses thus by puppies helpe.
And so her good old Lord she did beguile:
Was not my Lord a puppy all the while?

30 *Of sixe sorts of Fasters.*

Abstinet. SIxe sort of folkes I finde vse fasting daies,
But of these sixe, the sixt I onely praise.
Æger. The sixe man fasts, because he cannot eate.
Egens. The poore doth fast, because he hath no meate.
Cupidus. The miser fasts, with minde to mend his store:
Gula. The glutton, with intent to eate the more.
Simia. The hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy.
Virtus. The vertuous, to preuent or punish folly.
Now he that eateth fast, and drinkes as fast,
May match these fasters, any but the last.

31 *Of* Cinna.

PVre *Cinna* gets his wife a Maiden Cooke
With red cheeks, yellow locks, & cheerfull looke.
What might he meane hereby? I hold my life,
Shee dresseth flesh for him, not for his wife.

32 *Of* Claudia.

C*Laudia*, to saue a noble Romans bloud,
Was offred by some friends, that wisht his good,
A iewell of inestimable price;
But she would not be won by this deuice:
For she did take his head, and leaue the Iewell.
Was *Claudia* now more couetous, or cruell?

33 *A Rule to Play.*

LAy down your ſtake at play, lay downe your paſ-
A greedy gameſter ſtill hath ſome mis-hap. (ſion:
To chafe at play, proceeds of fooliſh faſhion,
No man throwes ſtill the dice in fortunes lap.

34 *Of a drunken Tobacconiſt.*

WHen *Marcus* hath carrowſt March Beere & Sack,
And that his braines grow dizzy therewithall,
Then of Tobacco he a pype doth lacke,
Of Trinidade in cane, in leafe, or ball,
Which tane a little, he doth ſpit and ſmacke,
Then laies him on his bed for feare to fall,
And poore Tobacco beares the name of all.
But that ſame pipe which *Marcus* braine did lade,
Was of *Medera*, not of Trinidade.

35 *Triſtis es & fœlix, ſciat hoc fortuna Caueto.*
To a Lady.

FRoward yet fortunate? if fortune knew it,
Beleeue me, Madam, ſhe would make you rue it.

36 *A Salisbury tale.*

FAire *Sarum's* Church, beside the stately tower,
Hath many things in number aptly sorted,
Answering the yere, the month, weeke, day & houre,
But aboue all (as I haue heard reported,
And to the view doth probably appeare)
A piller for each houre in all the yeare.
Further, this Church of *Sarum* hath beene found,
To keepe in singing seruice so good forme,
That most Cathedrall Churches haue beene bound,
Themselues *ad vsum Sarum* to conforme.
I am no Cabalist to iudge by number,
Yet that this Church is so with pillers fill'd,
It seemes to me to be the lesser wonder,
That *Sarums* Church is euery houre pill'd.
And sith the rest are bound to *Sarums* vse,
What maruell if they taste of like abuse?

37 *Of a faire Shrew.*

FAire, rich, and yong? how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foule infection?
I meane, so proud a heart, so curst a tongue,
As makes her seeme, nor faire, nor rich, nor yong.

38 *Of Gods part.*

ONe that had farm'd a fat Impropriation,
Vs'd to his neighbour often exhortation,
To pay to him the tithes and profits duely,
Affirming (as he might affirme most truely)
How that the tithes are God Almightes part;
And therefore they should pay't with all their heart.
But straight replyed one amongst the rest,
(One that had crost him oft, but neuer blest.)
It is Gods part indeed, whose goodnes gaue it;
But yet oft times we see the Diuell haue it.

39 *Of* Lalus *symoniacall horse-coursing.*

PVre *Lalus* gat a benefice of late,
Without offence of people, Church, or State;
Yea but aske eccho how he did come by it,
Come buy it? No, with oathes he will deny it.
He nothing gaue direct, or indirectly,
Fie, *Lalus*, now you tell vs a direct lye:
Did not your Patron for a hundred pound,
Sell you a horse was neither yong nor sound,
No Turke, no Courser, Barbary, nor Iennit?
Simony? No, but I see money in it.
Well, if it were but so, the case is cleere;
The Benefice was cheape, the Horse was deare.

40 *An addition to the same Epigram.*

PEter for Westminster, and *Paul* for London,
Lament, for both your Churches will be vndone,
If Smithfield finde a fetch forth of a stable,
Lawes to delude, and Lords of Councell table.

The same in Latine by the Author.

NEc populo infenso, nec ruptis legibus vllis,
Lelus noster habet pingue sacerdotium,
Vnde sed hoc venit, venit tibi persone echo,
Echo, mi sodes, dicito an emit, emit.
Ilia ducentem, fructumq; : senilibus annis
Illi patronus vendit auarus equum,
Aurea pro vetulo dat bis centena caballo,
Cui nec Turca pater, nec patria Italia est:
Ergo sacerdotum Regina pecunia donat,
Magno equitat precio, predicat exiguo.

Additio.

Iam vos templorum properam sperare ruinam,
Et tu Petre tui, tu quoq; Paule, tui
Sordida fabrili finata astutia campo,
Legibus & sanctis patribus imposuit.

41 *Of*

41 *Of* Cinna.

FIue yeares hath *Cinna* studyed Genesis,
And knowes not what *in Principio* is;
And greeu'd that he is gravel'd thus, he skips
O're all the Bible, to th'Apocalips.

42 *Of bagge and baggage.*

A Man appointed, vpon losse of life,
With bag and baggage at a time assign'd,
To part a towne; his foule vnweildy wife,
Desired him that she might stay behind.
Nay, quoth the man, I'le neuer be so kinde,
As venture life, for such an vgly bag,
That lookes both like a baggage and a bag.

43 *Of a womans kindnesse to her husband.*

ONe that had liued long by lewdest shifts,
Brought to the Court, that Corne from cockle sifts,
Starchamber, that of Iustice is the mirror,
Was senten'st there, and for the greater terrour,
Adiudged, first to lye a yeere in fetters,
Then burned in his forehead with two letters,
And to disparage him with more disgrace,
To slit his nose, the figure of his face.

The

The prisoners wife with no dishonest minde,
To shew her selfe vnto her husband kinde,
Sued humbly to the Lords, and would not cease,
Some part of this sharpe vigour to release.
He was a man (she said) hath seru'd in warre,
What mercy would a Souldiers face so marre?
Thus much said she: but gravely they replied,
It was great mercy that he was thus tried:
His crimes deserue he should haue lost his life,
And hang in chaines. Alas, repli'd his wife,
If you disgrace him thus, you quite vndoe him,
Good my Lords hang him, pray be good vnto him.

44 *Of* Don Pedro.

Don Pedro neuer dines without red Deere;
If red Deere be his guests, grasse is his cheere.
I, but I meane, he hath it in his dish,
And so haue I oft when I doe not wish.

45 *The Author to his wife.*

Mall, once in pleasant company by chance,
I wisht that you for company would dance,
Which you refus'd, and said, your yeares require,
Now, Matron-like, both manners and attire.
Well *Mall*, if needs thou will be Matron-like,

Then

Then truſt to this, I will a Marron like:
Yet ſo to you my loue may neuer leſſen,
As you for Church, houſe, bed, obſerue this leſſon.
Sit in the Church as ſolemne as a Saint,
No deed, word, thought, your due deuotion taint.
Vaile (if you will) your head, your ſoule reueale
To him that onely wounded ſoules can heale.
Be in my houſe as buſie as a Bee,
Hauing a ſting for euery one but mee,
Buzzing in euery corner, gathering hony.
Let nothing waſte, that coſts or yeeldeth mony.
And when thou ſeeſt my heart to mirth incline,
The tongue, wit, bloud, warme with good cheere and wine;
Then of ſweet ſports let no occaſion ſcape,
But be as wanton, toying as an Ape.

46 *Of* Lelia.

VVHen louely *Lelia* was a tender girle,
Shee hapt to be deflowred by an Earle;
Alas poore wench, ſhe was to be excuſed,
Such kindneſſe oft is offered, ſeld refuſed.
But be not proud; for ſhe that is no Counteſſe,
And yet lies with a Count, muſt make account this:
All Counteſſes in honour her ſurmount,
They haue, ſhe had, an honourable Count.

47 *Of a drunken Smith.*

I Heard that *Smug* the Smith, for ale and ſpice
Sold all his tooles, and yet he kept his vice.

48 *Of Sooth-ſaying.*

MIght Kings ſhun future miſchief by foretelling,
The amongſt Soothſayers 'twere excellēt dwelling:
But if there be no means ſuch harmes repelling,
The knowledge makes the ſorrow more excelling.
But this, deare Soueraigne, me comfort doth,
That of theſe Sooth-ſayers, very few ſay ſooth.

49 *A good requeſt of a Lawyer.*

A Pleaſant Lawyer ſtanding at the barre,
The Cauſes done, and day not paſſed farre;
A Iudge to whom he had profeſt deuotion,
Askt him in grace, if he would haue a motion:
Yes Sir, quoth he, but ſhort, and yet not ſmall,
That whereas now of Serieants is a call,
I wiſh (as moſt of my profeſſion doe)
That there might be a call of Clyents too:
For ſure it brings vs Lawyers mickle cumber,
Becauſe of them we finde ſo ſmall a number.

Of Friendſhip.

NEw friends are no friends; how can that be true?
The oldeſt friends that are, were ſometimes new.

51 *Of* Caius *increaſe in his abſence.*

WHile *Caius* doth remaine beyond the Seas,
And followes there ſome great important ſuit,
His Lands beare neither Oates, nor Beans, nor Peaſe,
But yet his wife beares faire and full-growne fruit.
What is the cauſe that brings his Lands ſterility,
And his wiues fruitfulnes and great fertility?
His Lands want occupyers to manure them,
But ſhe hath ſtore, & knows how to procure them.

52 *Of a toothleſſe Shrew.*

OLd *Ellen* had foure teeth, as I remember,
She cought out two of them the laſt December;
But this ſhrewd cough in her raign'd ſo vnruly,
She cought out t'other two before 'twas Iuly.
Now ſhe may cough her heart out, for in ſooth.
The ſaid ſhrewd cough hath left her ne're a tooth.
But her curſt tongue, wanting this common curbe,
Doth more then erſt the houſhold all diſturbe.

53 *To Doctor* Sharpe.

LAte I tooke leaue of two right noble dames,
And hasted to my wife as I protested:
You will'd me stay a while, and thus you iested:
You Sir, may please your Wife with Epigrams.
Well said, 'twas Doctor-like, and sharply spoken,
No friendship breakes, where iests so smooth are bro-
But now you haue new orders tane of late, (ken.
Those orders, which (as you expound Saint *Paul*)
Are equall honourable vnto all;
I meane of marriage the holy state,
I hope, in Lent, when flesh growes out of date,
You will, in stead of t'other recreation,
Be glad to please your wife with some Collation.

54 *Of the Papists feasts, and Brownists fasts.*

A Papist dwelling to a Browniſt neere,
Their seruants met, and vanted of their cheere.
And first, the Papists man did make his boſt,
He had each festiuall both bak't and roſt,
And where (said he) your zealous sort allow,
On Christmasse day it selfe to goe to plow,
We feast, and play, and walke, and talk, and slumber,
Besides, our holy dayes are more in number:
As namely, we doe keepe with great festiuity,
Our Ladies, both assumption and nativity;

S. *Pauls*

S. *Pauls* conuerſion, S. *Iohns* decollation,
S. *Laurence* broyl'd, S. *Swithens* moyſt'translation,
S. *Peters* chaines, and how with Angels viſion
He brake the priſon, quite without miſpriſion.
I grant, t'other ſaid, you ſeeme more gaine-ſome,
But for your ſport you pay too deare a ranſome.
We like your Feaſts, your Faſtings bred our greeues,
Your Lents, your Ember weekes, and holy Eeues.
But this coniunction I ſhould greatly praiſe,
The Browniſts faſts, with Papiſts holy daies.

55 *Of* Milo *the glutton.*

Milo with haſte to cram his greedy gut,
One of his thumbs vnto the bone had cut:
Then ſtraight it noyſed was about by ſome,
That he had loſt his ſtomack with his thumbe.
To which one ſaid, No worſe hap fall vnto him:
But if a poore man finde it, 'twill vndoe him.

56 *Of* Fortune.

FOrtune, men ſay, doth giue too much to many:
But yet ſhe neuer gaue enough to any.

57 *Of deuotion and promotion.*

I Met a Lawyer at the Court this Lent,
And asking what great cause him thither sent,
He said, that mou'd with Doctor *Andrees* fame,
To heare him preach, he onely thither came:
But straight, I wisht him softly in his eare,
To finde some other scuse, else some will sweare;
Who to the Court come onely for deuotion,
They in the Church pray onely for promotion.

58 *Of a painted Lady.*

I Saw dame *Leda's* picture lately drawne,
With haire about her eares, transparent Lawne,
Her Iuory paps, and euery other part,
So lim'd vnto the life by Painters Art
That I that had beene long with her acquainted,
Did thinke that both were quicke, or both were (painted.

59 *Of* Galla's *gallantry.*

VVHat is the cause our *Galla* is so gallant,
Like ship in fairest wind, top and top gallant?
Hath she of late been courted by some Gallant?
No sure: How then? *Galla* hath quaft a gallon.

60 *In Cornutum.*

A *Thais*? no, *Diana* thou didſt wed:
For ſhe hath giuen to thee *Acteons* head.

61 *Of* Paulus, *a Flatterer.*

NO man more ſeruile, no man more ſubmiſſe,
Then to our Soueraigne Lady *Paulus* is,
He doth extoll her ſpeech, admire her feature,
He calls himſelfe her vaſſall, and her creature. (ſter,
Thus while he dawbes his ſpeech with flatteries pla-
And calls himſelfe her ſlaue, he growes our Maſter,
Still getting what he liſt without controle,
By ſinging this old ſong, *re mi fa ſol.*

62 *Of* Lynus, *an ill gheſt.*

ASke you what profit *Kew* to me doth yeeld?
This, *Lynus*, there I ſhall ſee thee but ſel'd;
For where good gheſts may take a cottage gratefull,
There, ſuch as thou doe make a Palace hatefull.

63 *Againſt* Pius Quintus, *that excommunicated Queene* Elizabeth.

ARe Kings your Foſter-fathers, Queens your nur-
Oh Roman Church? Then why did *Pius Quintus*

With Basan bulls (not like one *pinguis iuuenis*)
Lay on our sacred Prince vnhallowed curses?
It is not health of soules, but wealth of purses
You seek, by such your hell-denouncing threats,
Oppugning with your chaire, our Princes seats,
Disturbing our sweet peace; and that which worse is,
You suck out bloud, and bite your Nurses teats.
Learne, learne, to aske your milk, for if you snatch it,
The nurse must send your babes pap with a hatchet.

64 *Of finding a Hare.*

A Gallant full of life, and voyd of care,
Asked his friend if he would finde a Hare?
He that for sleepe more then such sports did care.
Said, Goe your waies, and leaue me here alone;
Let them find Hares that lost them, I lost none.

65 *Of Merit, and Demerit.*

A Knight, and valiant seruitor of late,
Playn'd to a Lord and Councellor of State,
That Captaines in these dayes were not regarded,
That onely Carpet-Knights were well rewarded:
For I, saith he, with all my hurts and maimes,
Get not the recompence my merit claimes.
Good Cousin (said the Lord) th' fault is yours,
Which you impute vnto the higher Powers,

For

For where you ſhould in *Pater noſter* pray,
Giue vnto vs our daily bread to day;
Your miſdemeanors this petition needs,
Our treſpaſſes forgiue vs, and miſdeeds.

---

66 *Of* Fauſtus, *Eſquire.*

Fauſtus, for taking of a wrong poſſeſſion,
Was by a Iuſtice bound vnto the Seſſion:
The Cryer the Recognizance doth call,
Fauſtus, Eſquire, come forth into the Hall.
Out (ſaid the Iudge) on all ſuch fooliſh Cryers,
Diuels are Carpenters, where ſuch are Squires.

---

67 *Of* Peleus *friendſhip.*

VVHen *Peleus* is brought vp to London ſtreetes,
By Proceſſe firſt to anſwer waighty ſutes,
Oh then how kinde he is to all he meetes!
How friendly by their names he them ſalutes!
Then one ſhall haue a Colt of his beſt race,
Another gets a warrant for a Buck:
Some deeper brib'd, according as their place
May ſerue his turne, to worke or wiſh good luck.
But when his troubles all to end are brought
By time, or friendly paines on his behalfe,

Then

Then straight (as if he set vs all at nought)
His kindnesse is not now so much by halfe.
Sith then his suites in Law his friendship doubles,
I for his friendships sake could wish him troubles.

---

68 *Of inclosing a Common.*

A Lord, that purpos'd for his more auaile,
To compasse in a Common with a rayle,
Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of euery reule, and euery post;
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)
Said, Sir, prouide you posts, and without fayling,
Your neighbors round about wil find you rayling.

---

69 *The Author to his wife, of too much stomacke.*

LAte hauing beene a fishing at the Foord,
And bringing home with me my dish of Trouts,
Your mind that while, did cast some causelesse doubts:
For while that meat was set vpon the boord,
You sullen silent, fed your selfe with powts.
I twice sent for you, but you sent me word,
How that you had no stomack to your meat:
Well I fear'd more, your stomack was too great.

70 *A witty choice of a Country fellow.*

A Rich Lord had a poore Lout to his gheſt,
And hauing ſumptuous fare, and coſtly dreſt,
Caru'd him a wing of a moſt dainty Bird;
Affirming ſeriouſly vpon his word,
Thoſe birds were ſent him from his loving coſen,
And were well worth full twenty markes a dozen.
He that for ſuch great dainties did not care,
Said, I like well your Lordſhips courſer fare:
For I can eat your Beefe, Pig, Gooſe and Cony,
But of ſuch fare, giue me my ſhare in mony.

71 *To a great Magiſtrate, in Re and in Spe.*

THoſe that for Princes goods do take ſome paine
(Their goods to whō of right all paines we owe)
Seeke ſome reward for ſeruice-good to gaine,
Which oft their gracious goodneſſe doth beſtow:
I for my trauell, begge not a reward,
I begge leſſe by a ſillable, a Ward.

72 *A compariſon of a Booke, with Cheeſe.*

OLd *Haywood* writes, and proues in ſome degrees,
That one may wel compare a book with cheeſe;
At euery market ſome buy cheeſe to feed on,

At euery Mart some men buy bookes to reade on.
All sorts eate cheese; but how? there is the question,
The poore for food, the rich for good digestion.
All sorts reade bookes, but why? will you discerne?
The foole to laugh, the wiser sort to learne.
The sight, taste, scent of cheese to some is hatefull,
The sight, taste, sense of bookes to some's vngratefull.
No cheese there was, that euer pleas'd all feeders,
No booke there is, that euer lik't all Readers.

73 *A Scottish verse.*

ROb. *Will.* and *Dawy*,
Keepe well thy *Pater noster* and *Aue*:
And if thou wilt the better speed,
Gang no further then thy *Creed*:
Say well, and doe none ill,
And keepe thy selfe in safty still.

74 *To beggars of Bookes.*

MY friend, you presse me very hard,
my bookes of me you craue;
I haue none, but in *Pauls* Church-yard,
for mony you may haue.
But why should I my coyne bestow

such

such toyes as these to buy?
I am not such a foole I trow:
forsooth no more am I.

In Paulum Athaium.

PRoud *Paulus*, led by Sadduces infection,
Doth not beleeue the bodies resurrection,
But holds them all in scorne and deepe derision,
That talke of Saints or Angels apparision:
And saith, they are but fables all, and fansies
Of Lunaticks, or folkes possest with frensies.
I haue, saith he, trauell'd both neere and farre,
By land, by sea, in time of peace and warre,
Yet neuer met I spirit, or ghost, or Elfe,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe.
Well, *Paulus*, this I now beleeue indeed,
That who in all, or part, denies his Creed;
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himselfe, he could not see.

76 *Of double Fraud.*

A Fellow false, and to all fraud inured,
In high Starchamber court was found periured,
And by iust sentence iudg'd to loose his eares:
A doome right fit for him that falsly sweares.

Now

Now on the Pillory while he was preaching,
The Gaolor busie for his eares was searching:
But all in vaine, for there was not an eare,
Onely the places hid with locks of haire.
Thou knaue, said he, I will of thee complaine
Vnto the Lords, for coufonage againe.
Why so, said he? their order me doth binde
To loose mine eares, not you mine eares to finde.

---

77 *Of taking a Hare.*

VNto a Lawyer rich, a Client poore
Came earely in the morning to his doore,
And dancing long attendance in the place,
At last, he gat some counsell in his case;
For which the Lawyer look't to haue beene paid:
But thus at last the poore man to him said,
I cannot giue a fee my state's so bare:
But will it please you, Sir, to take a Hare?
He that tooke all that came, with all his hart,
Said that he would, and take it in good part.
Then must you runne apace (good Sir) quoth he:
For she this morning quite out-stripped me.
He went his way, the Hare was neuer taken.
Was not the Lawyer taken, or mistaken?

78 *The Author to his Wife.*

YOur maid *Brunetta* you with newes acquaints,
How *Leda*, (whom her husband wanting issue,
Brought erst to Bath, our pilgrimage of Saints)
Weares her gowne veluet, kirtle, cloth of tissue,
A figur'd Sattin petticote Carnation,
With sixe gold parchment laces all in fashion.
Yet neuer was Dame *Leda* noble borne,
Nor dranke in Gossips cup by Sou'raigne sent,
Nor euer was her Highnes woman sworne,
Nor doth her husband much exceed in rent. (them.
Then *Moll*, be proud, that thou maist better weare
And I more proud, thou better dost forbear them.

79 *Of too high commendation in a meane person.*

A Scholler once, to win his Mistrisse loue,
Compar'd her to three Goddesses aboue,
And said she had (to giue her due desarts)
Iunos, *Minerua's*, and faire *Venus* parts.
Iuno so proud, and curst was of her tongue,
All men misliked her, both old and yong.
Pallas so foule, and grim was, out of measure,
That neither gods nor men in her tooke pleasure.
Venus vnchaste, that she strong *Mars* entices,
With yong *Adonis*, and with old *Anchises*.
How thinke you, are these praises few or meane,
Compared to a shrow, a slut, or queane?

80 *Of truſting a Captaine.*

AN Alderman, one of the better ſort,
And worthy member of our worthieſt Citie;
Vnto whoſe Table diuers did reſort,
Himſelfe of ſtomacke good, of anſwers witty,
Was once requeſted by a Table-friend,
To lend an vnknowne Captaine forty pound.
The which, becauſe he might the rather lend,
He ſaid, he ſhould become in ſtatute bound.
And this (quoth he) you need not doubt to take,
For he's a man of late growne in good credit,
And went about the world with Captaine *Darke*.
Out (quoth the Alderman) that ere you ſed it,
For forty pounds? no nor forty pence.
His ſingle bond I count not worth a chip:
I ſay to you (take not hereat offence,)
He that hath three whole yeares beene in a ſhip,
In famine, plagues, in ſtench, and ſtorme ſo rife,
Cares not to lye in Ludgate all his life.

81 *In Cornutum.*

VVHat curl'd-pate youth is he that ſitteth there
So neere thy wife, and whiſpers in her eare,
And takes her hand in his, and ſoft doth wring her,
Sliding his ring ſtill vp and downe her finger?
Sir, 'tis a Procter, ſeene in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in ſome important cauſe;

Prompt

Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action,
And doth her busines with great satisfaction.
And thinkest thou so? a horne-plague on thy head:
Art thou so like a foole, and wittoll led,
To thinke he doth the businesse of thy wife?
He doth thy businesse, I dare lay my life.

82 *A Tragicall Epigram.*

WHen doome of Peeres and Iudges fore-appointed,
By racking lawes beyond all reach of reason,
Had vnto death condemn'd a Queene anointed,
And found, (oh strange!) without allegeance treason;
The Axe that should haue done that execution,
Shunn'd to cut off a head that had beene crowned;
Our hangman lost his wonted resolution,
To quell a Queene of nobleneſſe so renowned.
Ah, is remorse in hangmen and in steele,
When Peeres and Iudges no remorse can feele?
Grant Lord, that in this noble I'le, a Queene
Without a head, may neuer more be seene.

83 *Of reading Scriptures.*

THe sacred Scriptures treasure great affoords,
To all of seuerall tongues, of sundry Realmes.
For low and simple spirits shallow Foords,
For high and learned Doctors deeper streames;

In euery part so exquisitely made,
An Elephant may swimme, a Lambe may wade.
Not that all should with barbarous audacity,
Reade what they list, and how they list expound,
But each one suting to his weake capacity:
For many great Scriprureans may be found,
That cite Saint *Paul* at euery bench and boord,
And haue Gods word, but haue not God the word.

84 *The Author to his wife: a rule for praying.*

MY deare, when in your closet for deuotion,
To kindle in your brest some godly motion,
You contemplate, and oft your eyes doe fixe
On some Saints picture, or the Crucifixe;
'Tis not amisse, be it of stone or mettle,
It serueth in thy minde good thoughts to settle;
Such Images may seruethee as a booke,
Whereon thou maist with godly reuerence looke,
And thereby thy remembrance to acquaint,
With life or death, or vertue of the Saint.
Yet doe I not allow thou kneele before it,
Nor would I no wise you should adore it.
For as such things well vs'd, are cleane and holy,
So superstition soone may make it folly.
All images are scorn'd and quite dis-honoured,
If the Prototype be not solely honoured,
I keepe thy picture in a golden shrine,
And I esteeme it well, because 'tis thine;

But

But let me vſe thy picture ne're ſo kindly,
'Twere little worth, if I vs'd thee vnkindly.
Sith then, my deare, our heauenly Lord aboue
Vouchſafeth vnto ours to like his loue.
So let vs vſe his picture, that therein,
Againſt himſelfe we doe commit no ſinne;
Nor let vs ſcorne ſuch pictures, nor deride them,
Like fooles, whoſe zeale nor ſlaught, cánot abide them.
But pray, our hearts, by faith's eyes be made able
To ſee, what mortall eyes ſee on a Table.
A man would thinke, one did deſerue a mocke,
Should ſay, Oh heauenly Father, to a ſtocke;
Such a one were a ſtocke, I ſtraight ſhould gather,
That would confeſſe a ſtocke to be his father.

85 *Pœnitentia pœnitenda: Of a penitent Fryer.*

BOund by his Church, and Trentin Catechiſme,
To vow a ſingle life, a Cloyſtered Frier,
Had got a ſwelling, call'd a Priapiſme,
Which ſel'd is ſwag'd, but a with female fire.
The Leach (as oftentimes Phyſicians vſe)
To cure the corps, not caring for the ſoule,
Preſcribes a cordiall med'cine from the Stewes,
Which lewd preſcript, the Patient did condole:
Yet ſtrong in Faith, and being loth to dye,
And knowing that extremes yeeld diſpenſation,
He is reſolu'd, and doth the med'cine trie:
Which being done, he made ſuch lamentation,

That diuers thought he was fall'n in desspaire,
And therefore for his confirmation prai'd.
But when that they had ended quite their prayer,
After long silence, thus to them he said:
I waile not, that I thinke my fact so vicious,
Nor am I in desspaire: no, neuer doubt it;
But feeling female flesh is so delicious,
I waile, to thinke I liu'd so long without it.

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86 *Of a pillure with a Ferriman rowing in a tempest, with two Ladies in his boate, whereof he loued one, but shee disdained him, and the other loued him, but hee not her: now a voice came to his eare, that to saue his boate from being cast away, hee must drowne one of the Ladies: in which perplexitie hee speaketh these passions.*

IN troublous seas of loue, my tender bote,
By Fates decree, is still tost vp and downe,
Ready to sinke, and may no longer flote,
Except of these two Damsels one I drowne.
I would saue both: but ah, that may not be:
I loue the one, t'other loueth me.
Here the vast waues are ready me to swallow.
There danger is to strike vpon the shelfe.
Doubtfull I swim betweene the deepe and shallow,
To saue th'vngrate, and be vngrate my selfe.
Thus seeme I by the eares to hold a wolfe,
While faine I would eschue this gaping gulfe.

But

But since loues actions, guided are by passion,
And quenching doth augment her burning fuell,
Adieu, thou Nimph, deseruing most compassion,
To merit mercy, I must shew me cruell.
Aske you me why? oh question out of season!
Loue neuer leisure hath to render reason.

87 *The old mans choice.*

LEt soueraigne Reason, sitting at the sterne,
And farre remouing all eye-blinding passion,
Censure the due desert with iudgement cleere,
And say, the cruell merit no compassion.
Liue then, kind Nimph, and ioy we two together:
Farewell th'vnkind, and all vnkind goe with her.

88 *In Philautum.*

YOur verses please your Reader oft, you vaunt it:
If you your selfe doe reade them oft, I grant it.

89 *To an old Batchelour.*

YOu praise all women: well, let you alone,
Who speakes so well of all, thinks well of none.

90 *Of two that were married and vndone.*

A Fond yong couple making hast to marry,
Without their parents will, or friends consent,

After one month their marriage did repent,
And su'd vnto the Bishops Ordinary,
That this their act so vndiscreetly done.
Might by his more discretion be vndone,
Vpon which motion he a while did pause:
At length, he for their comforts to them said,
It had beene better (friends) that you had staid:
But now you are so hampered in the Lawes,
That I this knot may not vntye (my sonne)
Yet I will grant you both shall be vndone.

---

91 *In commendation of a straw, written at the requeſt of a great Lady, that ware a ſtraw Hat at the Court.*

I Vow'd to write of none but matters serious,
And lawfull vowes to breake, a great offence;
But yet faire Ladies hests are so imperious,
That with all Vowes, all Lawes they can dispence.
Then yeelding to that all-commanding Law,
My Muse will tell some honour of a straw.
Not of *Iack Straw*, with his rebellious crew,
That set King, Realme, and Lawes at hab or nab,
Whom Londons worthy Maior so brauely slew,
With dudgeon daggers honorable stab,
That his succeſſors for that seruice loyall,
Haue yet reward with blow of weapon royall.
Nor will I praise that fruitleſſe straw or stubble,
Which built vpon most precious stones foundation:
When

When fierie trials come, the builders trouble,
Though some great builders build of such a fashion,
To learned *Androes*, that much better can,
I leaue that stubble, fire, and straw, to scan.
Nor list I with Philosophers to range
In searching out (though I admire the reason)
How sympathizing properties, most strange,
Keepe contraries in straw, so long a season,
Yee, snow, fruits, fish, moyst things, & dry, & warme,
Are long preseru'd in straw, with little harme.
But let all Poets my remembrance wipe
From out their bookes of fame, for euer during,
If I forget to praise our oaten pipe.
Such musicke, to the Muses all procuring
That some learn'd eares, preferr'd it haue, before
Both Orpharyon, Viol, Lute, Bandore.
Now if we list more curiously examine
To search in straw some profitable poynts.
Bread hath beene made of straw in time of famine,
In cutting off the tender knotted ioynts.
But yet remaines one praise of straw to tell,
Which all the other praise doth farre excell:
That straw which men, & beasts, & fowls haue scorn'd
Hath beene by curious art, and hand industrious
So wrought, that it hath shadowed, yea adorn'd
A head and face, of beauty and birth illustrious.
Now praise I? No, I enuy now thy blisse,
Ambitious straw, that so high placed is.
What Architect this worke so strangely matcht,
An yuorie house, dores, wales, windowes tuch
A gilded

A gilded roofe, with ſtraw all ouerthatcht?
Where ſhall Pearle bide when place of ſtraw is ſuch?
Now could I wiſh, alas I wiſh too much,
I might be ſtraw-drowne to that liuely Tuch.
But herein we may learne a good example,
That virtuous Induſtrie their worth can raiſe,
Whō ſlandrous tongues tread vnder foot & trample,
This told my Muſe, and ſtraight ſhe went her waies,
Which (Lady) if you ſeriouſly allow,
It is no toy, nor haue I broke my vow.

FINIS.

92. *In Romam.* Cpra.

Hate and debate, Rome through the world hath,
Yet Roma Amor is, if backward read.
Then is not ſtrange Rome hate ſhould foſter? No:
For out of backward lone, all hate doth grow.